



*Pax et bonum.*

# THE FRANCISCAN

Vol. XII No. 1 December, 1969

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Thank you for your support and co-operation.

PETER S.S.F.







## First Editor

THE FRANCISCAN first appeared in its present form just eleven years ago. Now, as we record with sorrow the death of Brother Peter, it is fitting that the editorial page should be devoted to acknowledgment of his work for the magazine. For Brother Peter was our first editor, and we owe a very big debt to his guidance and inspiration. A fuller obituary appears on another page.

In the winter of 1958 the Chapter instructed Brother Peter to produce a new publication in place of the old quarterly News Sheet and half-yearly Journal. He set up a small editorial board. He also obtained some professional advice. So the new publication was launched in December, 1958. As the editorship was anonymous, it was not generally known that the praise which this first issue received was entirely due to him. The cover-design, arrangement and layout were due to his initiative. He also laid down the policy with regard to contents. These were to be representative of the Society as a whole, supplying information whereby our friends might pray for us with understanding, and also should include articles of general interest, reflecting the Community's interest and involvement in church and society. His last work for THE FRANCISCAN was the account of the General Chapter, which appeared unsigned in the last issue (September, 1969).

Brother Peter's position as editor lasted only three years. Then he was sent to Africa, the first of his tours overseas, and it was necessary to hand over the editorship to another member of the board. We have not changed the style of the magazine since then, though we are not at all opposed to change if it is real improvement. But it has not been necessary, for what Brother Peter started has lasted well. This is perhaps typical of his life as a whole. Short as it was, he packed much into it. He was one who started things, and then moved on. But the effects of what he began continue. THE FRANCISCAN is only one aspect of Christian discipleship in which his work has had lasting influence.

# The Minister General's Letter

SACRO CONVENTO DI S. FRANCESCO,

S. Francis Day, 1969.

ASSISI.

My dear friends,

You can imagine the joy it is to me to be writing this letter at the Sacro Convento di S. Francesco, and on this Feast Day. The sudden death of Brother Peter came as a tremendous shock even though one knew that it might happen at any moment, considering the condition of his heart. Brother Michael telephoned to America to tell me, but I knew that I must come to Italy and try to carry out the programme which Peter had so efficiently arranged for me. Without him, if only because of language and transport, it might have been very difficult, but it is not ; the love which he has won in Italy is being offered to me everywhere, and by everyone for Peter's sake. Of course there is a deep sense of disappointment as Peter and I had so looked forward to all this, for it was to seal a deep and ever-growing trust and love that we have shared over the last few years. Peter, Frederick and I made our life profession together so that is also a link.

Peter died as he would have wished—doing the work laid upon him, and so we commend him to the love of his God and Saviour, and we must try to live more bravely for his sake. I thank God for Peter, and also that God is allowing me to feel Peter so close to me at this time. The love and sympathy of the Friars, Sisters, and all of you, I know, goes to Mrs. Searle, his mother, for whom Peter had such concern. I am most grateful to Brother Michael for flying to Florence and for doing all he did about Peter's funeral ; and, of course, to the Abbot of San Miniato al Monte for all his gracious help.

I long to write more about what is happening to me but perhaps at some later date I may be able to do so. I must however express here my great thanks to Father Max Mitzi, O.F.M. He has helped so many of us, and is giving me such love and care and so much of his time even in the midst of the terrific job he has to do in the Convento and Basilica at this time of the Feast of Saint Francis. All I will say now is that my visit to His Excellency the Most Reverend Placido Nicoline O.S.B., the Bishop of Assisi, who is ninety-two, so charming and so kind—I shall never forget. He gave me his blessing to take with me to all the Friars, Nuns, and Sisters of S.S.F. as I go round the world on my last visit to our family and houses. It has been a joy



to share some of the time with Brother Justin who has been so helpful to the party with which he is travelling—they all appreciated his happiness.

Just before I left America we celebrated the Jubilee of the founding of O.S.F., and it was wonderful to have Father Joseph, the founder, with us in New York at the celebration at S. Luke's Chapel, and in the Cathedral of S. John the Divine. The large crowd of friends, and the numbers of members of both Roman Catholic and Episcopalian Communities who attended, was a sign of how much the friars and nuns of the American Province are appreciated and loved. You will read more, I hope, in the Chronicle about it all. I also hope that you will be told something of the very fine Retreat given to us all by Mother Mary Grace S.S.M., the Provincial of the Western Province—it was superb.

Assisi is very gay with flags, flares at night, folk-singing and dancing, and of course the ceremonies at the Basilica. I am happy, as Peter would wish.

God bless you all,

Affectionately yours,

*David S.F.*

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*Minister General.*

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## Peter

**B**ROTHER PETER died suddenly on Wednesday, 17 September, the Feast of the Stigmata of S. Francis. He collapsed as he was about to leave Florence for Rome and was taken immediately to the hospital where he died peacefully, having received the Sacraments from the Catholic Chaplain there. His body was brought later to the Basilica of San Miniato al Monte where a Requiem was said, the Funeral Service from the Prayer Book was read, and he was buried in the vault reserved for the Monks. He was forty-seven years old.

Many people had wondered what Peter was doing in Florence. All his life he had contended with ill health, and at the General Chapter in 1966 suffered a slight thrombosis. It was clear from that time onwards that his general condition required that he should spend the winter in a more favourable climate, and, at about this time, he was offered the opportunity of living first in Rome and then later in Florence. The Abbot of San Miniato most generously offered him hospitality in the Monastery and he rapidly became part of their family. San Miniato is an ancient Romanesque Basilica of great beauty on a hill overlooking Florence. The Benedictines who live there belong to the Olivetan Order. The Father Abbot is widely known as a sensitive and understanding figure in the ecumenical movement, and he encouraged and assisted Peter in a ministry of reconciliation between the churches. Peter's unique gift for knowing and relating to people enabled him to occupy in a short while an exceptional position in those discussions and encounters which make possible a true unity of understanding between churches. He was engaged in innumerable conversations between groups and individuals and, at the time of his death, was arranging a visit of the Minister General to Rome, Assisi and Florence, which would give him an opportunity to meet informally many leaders of the churches and religious orders.

Peter's activities were not, perhaps, always understood, but the most striking evidence of his work was shown by the way in which his death was acknowledged and his body laid to rest.

The Abbot gladly put the basilica at the disposal of our Society for the requiem, which was said by the English Provincial Minister, he assisted himself both by translating the collect and epistle into Italian, reading the gospel in English and then delivering a simple, but moving tribute to Brother Peter. The service was said in English from the Prayer Book and a number of those present received Communion. This was followed immediately by the burial office, which was conducted by the English chaplain of S. Mark's Church and the American chaplain of S. James' in Florence. After that the Absolutions of the Dead were said, and Peter's body carried to the tomb in which the monks of the monastery are laid to rest. Here the final prayers were said by the Provincial Minister, in a place of quiet beauty just below the great church and overlooking Florence.

The large congregation included the Guardian of the Franciscan Friary at Fiesole, together with many of his friars, Franciscan sisters



and other Religious ; many Catholic priests and friends of Peter's, as well as the English and American consuls and other English friends were present.

Peter was buried at Florence according to the express wish he had left with the Brethren. And again, according to his wishes, but in any case because we all felt the same, it was a most joyful occasion. This unique service was, perhaps, the greatest tribute to the work which Peter had in a short time achieved, and a proper expression of gratitude to God for one who had become, not only our brother, but theirs as well, and, who by his death, had so clearly revealed that unity in Christ which we not only work for but already know to be a living reality in the Spirit. The Abbot of San Miniato said in his address :—Father Peter was a charming person, full of Christian love for everyone, his face was irradiated with joy, his kindness made everyone like him, he had an open mind for the ecumenical work, full of the spirit of S. Francis.

Eternal rest give to him, O Lord,  
and let perpetual light shine upon him.

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Address given by Brother Denis at the Requiem for Brother Peter at the Mother House on Saint Francis' Eve, 1969.

*When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.*

*Luke 22: 32b. (A.V.)*

WHEN Peter first came to a party at our Cambridge House in the early days of the War, I asked him not to come again as I thought his hair was too long—it was, I seem to remember rather shorter than what his friends at Winchester and Eton would now consider fashionable. What I said was, of course, cruel and stupid, for it drove Peter not to the hairdresser but into a wilderness of dark perplexity and despair from which he was rescued by a wise Cambridge doctor who sent him here. Not, at all because Peter wanted to come, but because the doctor thought it might be a cure.

A few months later Father Algy asked him to go back to the Cambridge House to make friends. He stood smiling at the front-door, and said 'May I come in, this time?'. The doctor had seen him on the way to us, and his comment to me was, 'I am going to use a word I have never before used in my profession. The word is *conversion*. Peter has been converted'. The strengthening of his brethren began almost immediately. In those days when the telephone rang in the Cambridge

House it was usually a shy German voice enquiring 'Is it Brozzer Ronald who speaks?'. Now there were many well-bred English voices asking 'Is Peter there?'. He began here that astonishing ministry to those beset with fears—fear of sex, fear of truth, fear of parents, fear of God, fear of death. And he became a powerful intercessor for those tempted and indeed engulfed by suicide.

There also began here the journeys! His mother has told me how after his novicing Peter wrote to her to say 'I shall be coming home. Expect me just as a simple Friar'. He arrived in a taxi with three trunks. I could not help thinking of Father Algy and Brother Peter when James Cameron in his I.T.V. programme on Gandhi quoted Mrs. Naiju's words 'He never guessed what it cost us for him to live the simple life'. As Algy's secretary he travelled everywhere, and everywhere there were friends; old friends to greet him, and new friends to see him off. Peter visited schools and universities; boys and masters, undergraduates and dons visited the Friary. At his Profession he asked particularly for his favourite Hymn 'Come, O Thou Traveller unknown' and it seemed then, as it does today poignantly appropriate. He had then a vivid awareness of the possible finality of a journey. How often has he said when he was about to leave the Friary 'I must make my peace with you, for I may not come back'. And once as I walked away in a great rage to Oxford station, I found Peter beside me saying 'I must see you off, for you may not come back'.

From the Cambridge House he had been on the fruiting campaign which he thought far too insipid; and from it he skimmed off the cream of the campaigners for the hop-pickers mission in Kent. Here he worked with one of the three men who were to have an enduring influence on his life and ministry. Brother Edward. He, as much and in some ways more than Father Algy, taught Peter about prayer and quickened in him his love and knowledge of the Bible. On the road near the mission chapel stood all that was left of an exploded V.I. On it Brother Edward had written 'I was a Doodle-Bug. Now I'm a Sign-post'. Peter loved that. The third great influence was Julian Bickersteth, Headmaster, Archdeacon of Maidstone and Canon of Canterbury. Canon Bickersteth once said to Peter 'General Smuts? One of my oldest and best friends. But I think my brother Burgon knew him better'. Peter loved that too, and it became, perhaps, the charter for an ever-increasing capacity for making friends.

Then came Cuddesdon, and I remember waiting at the very cold Oxford bus station to see him off, and having seen the bus go without him, ringing up the Principal to say I feared he was ill. 'Oh, he's all right', said the Principal, 'he's in my study now. A friend brought him out here in his M.G.'. After ordination there was still the ministry in schools, retreats and parochial missions, and the teaching of theology; but the Friars who, perhaps had never fully appreciated him began to wonder if he would ever come to maturity, or whether he might not fade away as a Peter Pan who wouldn't, because he believed he couldn't, grow up.

Then came Africa, and the Peter who returned had a strength, a courage and an authority which were impressive indeed. *The Pageant of the Nativity* here at the Friary had revealed an authentic genius for drama, and a remarkable gentleness in getting exactly what he wanted. Now came a memorable Holy Week at Eton with the Last Supper and the Scourging enacted in the chapel, the Maundy Thursday eucharist, and the Queen's Trumpeters to proclaim the Resurrection on Easter Day.



At the General Chapter three years ago he read in the afternoon a mocking, and largely negative paper, and in the evening proposed that henceforth we should be Brothers of one another with one Father. Peter had indeed now strengthened his Brethren. Ladies may lament and parish priests say that they don't know what they're getting . . . but we shall never be the same. And now Peter had to learn to live with recurring mortal pain, and recurring expectation of death. He went to live in Italy, and some of you have seen there the splendid evidence of his ministry, and some of that evidence we have been lucky enough to see here. A friend has written of a holiday spent with Peter in somebody else's car in Rome and Florence. Wherever they went Peter would point out the houses of his friends, and wherever they visited there was an enthusiastic welcome.

In his last sermon here Peter said that unless his glorious patron saint had kept on looking at Jesus, he would not have seen Jesus looking at him. In a letter written on the eve of the Feast of the Stigmata to say that he was hoping to keep the Feast with the Friars at Mount La Verna, Peter described how he broke his journey back from the Friary to visit a priest who was critically ill, and to give solace to his wife. He then quite characteristically told the Father Guardian what he thought ought to be done. His caring was meticulous, and totally unsparing.

Then on the Feast of the Stigmata itself he went on the last of his journeys in a borrowed car, this time an ambulance, to meet his Friend, 'the Gentle Christ who lived to save in borrowed stable and borrowed grave'. This is the Friend who had been the Traveller Unknown, but who now surely gave to our Brother Peter an enthusiastic welcome. Doubly enthusiastic for the mutual recognition, the one of the other. For this is the Friend whom not having seen Peter had loved : loved, trusted and adored, now recognised with joy unutterable and full of glory, for Brother Peter saw Brother Jesus as He is.

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## Quarterly Chronicle

*Brother Michael writes :*

**ENGLISH PROVINCE** A recent visitor to the Mother House commented with some surprise on the apparent ease with which the Brothers move from one activity to another—entertaining large parties of people in the courtyard, moving to the solemnity of a clothing and then to hearty laughter in the refectory. Never has this pattern of life seemed more apparent than in the recent crowded weeks. Brother Giles has taken over from Brother Luke as Novice Master and already put the particular mark of his own personality on the novitiate—while Luke has gone to take

charge of Glasshampton where a new group of Novices have been augmented by several Brothers from the Mother House. I have no doubt that Luke also will bring fresh insights to the life of prayer and work as it is lived there. I personally owe him a considerable debt for the many ways in which he undertook the task of acting Novice Master.

However the particular group of events which made clear to us all the rapidly evolving life of the Society in this province all centred round our particular feasts of the Stigmata and of S. Francis—an accident of timing of the kind which Charles Williams called ‘ holy luck ’. On the Stigmata Brother Peter, who had celebrated the feast with the Friars at La Verna, died suddenly in Florence. He was on his way to Rome to prepare for the visit of the Minister General. Ever since his illness during the Chapter in 1966, Peter had been obliged to spend his winters in Italy and had developed, with the encouragement of the Community, a quite unique ecumenical ministry. The Abbot of San Miniato offered him the hospitality of his monastery and they worked together as Brothers. The success of his work was evident in the unique character of his funeral, an account of which can be found elsewhere in this issue. Peter and I were both as Novices secretaries to Father Algy and the work he did was as much a tribute to that early guidance as anything else. I am sure it should go on.

On the eve of S. Francis Day we held a requiem for him in the Friary chapel with many friends and supporters of his work in England present. This too was an occasion of joyful celebration and thanksgiving. Brother Denis, who knew him perhaps better than anyone else, spoke to us of Peter’s work and his mother and brother with whom we share our sorrow were with us also to share our gratitude to God.

Then on S. Francis Day we clothed two Novices, Brother Graeme and Brother Colin Wilfred, with the Church of S. Francis, Bournemouth, where Colin was curate, turning up in full force. It was quite a party. That afternoon the ashes of Brother Douglas and Father Algy were taken from the altar in S. Francis’ Chapel and carried to our cemetery by the two Brothers, to be buried with the rest of the family there at the foot of the fine cross made by our Sister at Freeland. The following day I had the happiness of professing Sister Muriel at Compton Durville.



All this marks a new stage in the development of the Society in this country. Peter was in a very real sense working on the frontier in ecumenical relationships. There are other frontiers at home and abroad, and with increasing numbers we become aware of our responsibility to be in those places where the reconciling love of God can be seen to be at work. Peter, like our founders, was always moving out towards people and finding Christ among them. It is surely a confirmation of our vocation that as we begin to renew and deepen the life of our novitiate, centred at Hilfield and given impetus and depth at Glasshampton, we should also be strengthening the work in Ashton-under-Lyne amongst deprived and homeless young men and begin to work for the unemployed men in the Birmingham area, co-operating with the Oratory Fathers and Christian Action.

For me one thing has become clear, that with nearly a hundred Brothers and fifty Sisters in the Province my chief responsibility must clearly be towards the Society, which means that in future I cannot be available for missions, retreats and other work of that kind.

A striking confirmation to all of us of the growing unity, love and purpose among the greater Franciscan family was the news that Brother David had celebrated on S. Francis Day at the tomb of S. Francis in Assisi and prayed for us all there, the first Anglican priest to do so.

I have asked one of the Brothers to add a note on the S. Franciscide Rallies in Newcastle and London :

A large number of friends assembled in Newcastle Cathedral on 11 October for the Eucharist, which was a very happy occasion. At the meeting afterwards Brother Michael gave a report on the Province, Brother Giles spoke of his work in New Guinea and his present task as Novice Master. The Guardian, Brother Edward, welcomed our many friends.

At the Rally in London on 18 October Brother Michael celebrated the Eucharist and chaired the meeting at the first Rally to be held at the Central Hall, Westminster. We may not have quite matched the standard of methodist singing but at least we were ably led by Peter Allen, Chaplain of Jesus College, Cambridge, and three guitarists from Cambridge. A priest Tertiary, Gerald Barlow, preached on the basic need of man to share in relationships with 'only Luke is with me' as his text.

After a picnic lunch, Peter Allen and his group put us into receptive mood with a selection of folk and protest songs. Brother Michael then gave a review of the past year—but began with a message from the Minister General, which included the exciting news that he was the first Anglican priest to celebrate the Mass at the Tomb of Saint Francis at S. Francis-tide. We learnt too of the exciting requiem and funeral of Brother Peter in Florence. Brother Giles then spoke to us of the work of the Society in New Guinea, from which he had just returned, and the present task of a novice master. Brother Jonathan brought the meeting to a close with a devotional address which brought our minds sharply back to a real concern for mankind—in particular that two thirds of the world who are starving.

It was a stimulating and happy occasion, much enhanced by the whole family sharing the whole day.

It has been said that if life is life it will be on the move and ever **CERNE ABBAS** changing in its mode of expression. Something of this has been experienced here at the Friary in recent months. There have been changes in the time-table, changes in some of our customs, changes in the pattern of our community life and in the way of working the various departments ; changes of Brethren, some of the professed going to other houses and Novices and Postulants coming here ; what adjustments all this has called for ! Brother Giles arrived in August and as well as being Novice Master has been appointed Assistant Guardian of the Mother House.

A very large crowd attended the Stigmata Festival, of whom nearly four hundred made their communion. It had a typical Franciscan flavour in that nature's creatures were very much in on it ! The burning sun made it a most enjoyable occasion but hardly could we say the same of the wasps which pestered the celebrant and those administering the chalice ! We were sorry not to have Doctor Moelwyn Merchant to preach, owing to sickness, but his place was admirably filled by Father Eric Doyle O.F.M., whose address was a gem. The event was not without its sorrowful shadow, for we had just received the news of Brother Peter's sudden death, but the note of thanksgiving over-rides that of sorrow.

Our appreciation and gratitude go out to Brother Richard for his work with the music so faithfully and conscientiously rendered over such a long period of years. On two or three occasions recently the boys from Bernard House have shared in the music with their instruments. The parishes of Hilfield and Hermitage are thriving under Brother Hubert's pastoral care and his ministry is warmly appreciated. It was a joy to have the clergy of Sherborne and Yeovil deaneries here for their annual quiet day. Father Brown of Tintinhull was the conductor. We are sorry to have to say that Brother Patrick has gone into Brook General Hospital at Woolwich.



We were glad to admit John Balmer from Glossop as Postulant and we warmly welcome Brother Derek Simpson and Brother Michael Adam, two Postulants, from the northern Friary. There are other new arrivals, Boris and Daisy, two attractive Guernsey calves, as well as four piglets.

As we go to press, the renovating of the kitchen is about to begin ; it means that the kitchen brothers will be working under considerable disadvantage, using the laundry as a temporary kitchen. For this reason we shall not be able to have guests for several weeks.

**CAMBRIDGE** The weeks that have passed since the last news that was given of this house, are probably the quietest in the year. Some undergraduates are up for the Long Vacation Term but the numbers and the activities are very much fewer than in the three terms.

At Saint Bene't's, too, life slows down and the congregations are smaller because of all those who are away on holiday. We have again experienced one of the drawbacks of worshipping in an ancient church. This year, inspection revealed that repairs on the roof must be carried out at considerable cost. This is largely due to a first choice of a stone which too easily crumbles. In spite of this, in the judgement of many of us, the advantages of Saint Bene't's outweigh its disadvantages. One of its greatest advantages is the long tradition of worshippers. We have been thankfully reminded of this by a gift in memory of Rex Clark, whose father was our treasurer in those days when we had a sung eucharist at Saint Edward's, and who himself has worshipped with us when he has been in Cambridge. With the approval of the donor, Mrs. Clark, we have bought a new green carpet for the sanctuary.

As these notes are being written we are on the edge of the Michaelmas term. It is an appropriate time to thank those who have commended 'freshers' to us. Already a number have been to the house and some packed into the first of Brother Jonathan's teas yesterday. Since our last news we have enjoyed visits from Brother Leslie, Brother Bernard and Brother Gregory. Brother Barnabas has been away on two important conferences, one in Germany and the other in Jerusalem with expeditions into the surrounding country. Brother Jonathan has fulfilled several preaching engagements and has worked with Brother James and others on a mission in East Bristol.

**HOOKE** It is a very long time since there were no novices working here, but now we are without any. On Thursday, 31 July, our novices Ian and Lawrence Christopher left us for the friary, to return on Friday, 1 August, novices no longer. The school was transported to the friary for the profession which was held *alfresco*, and was followed by mass to the music of Brother William in the sunny courtyard, and then by elevenses in such abundance that nobody felt much like the lunch which was waiting for us at school.

Open Day on 9 August was also fine, a good many of the boys' parents and other friends came and rather fewer people from the neighbourhood. This made it an opportunity for the much needed contacts between the boys' homes and the

school, of which I hope we made good use. We were well supported by a contingent from the friary, and it was good to have Brother Owen with us again. Of course this is not to say that we have been deserted by our kind and patient neighbours, many of whom have been at Open Day regularly since the school began—but, perhaps because it is now in the holiday month of August, appreciably fewer people come.

We are looking forward to the September break, and then, with five boys leaving us at the end of August, to welcoming five more at the beginning of the Autumn term. The first months and often years after a boy has left us are a time when he needs a great deal of support and understanding which we are not in a position to give him—he knows where he is sure of a welcome, but he is often very much on his own and has many ups and downs in a world which is so unlike what he knows during his stay, usually of five years or more, with us. So do find a place in your prayers for Ronald, Ian, David, Winston and Ian.

Those who knew Hugh Prewett have made possible the establishment of a small trust fund, the income from which is to be used at the headmaster's discretion to help boys as they leave.

There has been a great deal of coming and going at the House here.  
**PLAISTOW** Brother Bernard left us at the end of July and the Brothers were able to bid him farewell at the airport on 2 September.

Brother Maurice has left us to work with Brother Arnold at the Birmingham House Project. It has been a great joy to welcome Brother Nicholas on to the staff here and he has already been received with great enthusiasm by both young and old. Brother Adrian has returned to us after an absence of eight years and is living here and making Plaistow his headquarters for his work with the Third Order. Brother Godfrey has joined us for a period. Sister Julian has joined Sister Frideswide in the flat in Balaam Street.

Considerable enthusiasm was shown for the recent parish weekend at S. Philip's. We had a long Quiet Day on the Saturday beginning at 9 a.m. and finished with refreshments after the solemn mass at 7.30 p.m. At the conference on Sunday we discussed Duty, Pleasure and Study, splitting into groups for the purpose, and a number of positive suggestions for the work here were forthcoming.

Brother Donald has been away preaching missions at Sheffield and Stoke-on-Trent to complete his programme of outstanding commitments of this kind.

A number of our people have been obliged to leave their houses which are now due for demolition but fortunately many have been accommodated in new housing in our own district. The upheavals here have not been easy but we are all now set to go ahead for the winter season.

Our Northern Festival was held for the first time for ten years in  
**ALNMOUTH** Newcastle Cathedral, with a mid-day eucharist at which the bishop presided. As they came in through the porch, all those attending placed their food on a table and after the eucharist we had a shared meal. In the afternoon, Brother Michael took the chair for the meeting, and Brother Giles also spoke on the training of novices and our work in New Guinea.



In the same week, we had our first visit from the Archbishop of York who came to meet the brothers and guests and to lead a bible study. It was a great joy to have him to stay, and his timely words on Acts 20 were a great inspiration to brothers and guests alike. On the following morning he celebrated the eucharist in the chapel.

The summer that has just passed has seen the house full to overflowing, but in addition great numbers of people coming to see the house and to have tea with the brothers. During the summer months, we had an average number of four hundred to tea each week !

Alnmouth Bay, over which we look, continues to produce its surprises, for not only has this been a record salmon season, but one morning a twenty-foot long bottle-nosed basking shark, weighing two tons, got entangled in the nets, to the immense surprise of the fishermen to whom this experience has never happened before !

Since we wrote in the last number, Sister Alison Mary from Compton Durville has come to join the family here. We realised, when Sister Teresa left, just how great a gap in our life her going meant, and how important is a Sister's contribution to the whole balance of our life.

*Brother Francis writes :*

**FIWILA** The weather has warmed up considerably, ushering in the hottest season of the year, October, though only three weeks ago when I attended the provincial synod at Marandellas, Rhodesia, there was thick hoar frost on the archbishop's Peugeot one morning. Because of the political tension, it was not easy to get all our delegates there. Bishop Mise of Botswana is a prohibited immigrant in Rhodesia. Others had difficulties over passports. The Zambian contingent proposed a resolution to work for the dividing of the province because of financial and political difficulties. But it was unanimously felt that our fellowship in Christ should transcend these tensions and that we should keep the provincial structure in being. However, it was granted that the church in those countries should be free to develop its own life in accordance with its national circumstances, and so the synod recommended that national councils should be formed which should co-ordinate the work of the dioceses in each country. It was suggested that Zambia should have four dioceses instead of the present one.

Our resolutions on remarriage may have caused surprise. In fact, the bishops already grant permission in certain cases for those remarried after divorce to receive communion ; if they can receive the blessing of communion, why not a blessing on their new marriage ? The liturgical committee was asked to draw up a suitable form of blessing on such a marriage, incorporating a penitential note such as is found in the Orthodox rite for a second marriage. The bishop's synod was also asked to examine the status of tribal marriage, in view of the fact that so many Africans are excommunicate, because they have not had a marriage before a priest.

Brother Desmond, after attending a useful youth conference at the Mindola ecumenical centre, visited the Victoria falls and has now gone to his home in British Honduras for a holiday incorporating a round-the-world tour. We look forward to the return of Brother Stephen in good health.

Brother Ninian arrived in September to help me with the office and the accounts, but until Brother Stephen returns he is having to help a good deal with driving. Brother Aidan has been unable to get to S. John's Seminary this term, so that his ordination to the priesthood has had to be put off until he has done his term next year. Meanwhile the building operations have been proceeding. The new garage and workshop is half built. The leprosarium shower rooms are well on towards completion. The new hospital buildings are complete except for the new staff houses.

**WARRINGTON** The church has always been subject to attack, criticism and ridicule. Jesus, knowing this, forewarned and prepared his friends. An urgent need today is a heartsearching to see where the attack, criticism and ridicule is deserved, and speedily to remedy the defects and deficiencies so that the real church of Jesus, which is his body on earth, may be seen in all its beauty and purity, and with its supernatural power and love.

On the industrial frontier the church is very much under pressure, both deservedly and undeservedly, but is probably more frequently completely misunderstood. Much of our time spent in visiting factories, organising meetings, conferences and courses is used in removing misunderstandings about the nature of the church and the church's purpose in the world.

'See how these Christians hate one another', some are now saying after all the press publicity given to the conflict in Northern Ireland. The real and wonderful advances towards Christian unity that have been made in Liverpool and Mersyside during the past ten years must not be halted by this new wave of bitterness. We ask your prayers that the fire of love may be kindled by the Holy Spirit and may burn brightly in the hearts of Roman Catholics, Anglicans and Nonconformists. The preparations in Liverpool, Warrington and Manchester for the visit of Gen Rosso, the international music group of the Focolare movement, is already uniting Christians and building up a powerful love force to oppose the negative forces of evil.

The follow-up courses for apprentices and other young workers at Scargill House in Wharfedale were very well attended; all these boys had attended the Spring courses at Nash Court. There is a growing interest in these courses, which train boys both to accept responsibility in its widest sense and to see the relevance of the Christian faith to daily life. Some of the local training officers in industry would like to see an extension of the courses so that more boys could benefit from them. Perhaps this is another challenge to the S.S.F. Shall we be able soon to spare some of our younger Brothers for work on this frontier?

*Brother Owen writes:*

**WHITECHAPEL** Thanks to Brother Anthony, who has been with us since February, Martin Rousell, here for a fortnight in August and Brother Arnold here in September, I was able to be away for five weeks in British Columbia. My brother and his wife took me with them and kindly paid my fare; he has just retired after forty-two years as a G.P. in Wimbledon. We used to have the school reunions and parents' days at his house for several years. We stayed with his eldest daughter Rosemary in Vancouver City:

she was housemother in Juniper House at the School for a year and there met her future husband Lawrence Lowe who kindly helped us out when we were in dire need of a farm manager.

Another great joy was to meet an old boy David Bricknell who emigrated fourteen years ago. He is now thirty and with receding hair so it was not surprising that I did not recognise him at first !

Doctor Guy Richmond gave me a very busy time. We had not met for over twenty years but were able to pick up the threads very quickly. He very kindly arranged visits for me to his prison hospital and the men's and women's prison, to Haney ' correctional establishment ', and to the Boulder Bay Camp with access only by boat across Alouette Lake—a very exciting and imaginative place.

I enjoyed my daily visits to S. James', Vancouver where the staff were so very kind and welcoming. There I had the privilege of meeting Archdeacon Thompson—he was ordained the year I was born !

Brian and Bob arrived back safely from Sweden. Walter Birmingham, the Warden of Toynbee, has offered Philip McCall a place in Toynbee Hall as a senior resident and he hopes to move in at the beginning of November.

I am very grateful for the help and companionship of Brother Anthony for the last eight months ; he came at a time when I was overwhelmed by the death of Hugh Prewett and he, with the aid of many others, has seen me through a very harrowing six months. We are pleased to have Brother Paul David with us now. We shall look forward to return visits of Brothers Simeon and Anthony. It would be good to have a panel of brothers who know the ropes here to come and do a stint from time to time.

*Brother Mark writes :*

**ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE** Our family is a bit depleted, two of our lads having recently got into trouble again, but we hope they will be back with us after Christmas.

We might call Sid ' the Intrepid ' ! At the time when 144 Piccadilly was in the news, he decided to go and join them there. He seems to have had an interesting week, but we are glad that he is now back with us here.

Quite fair progress has been made since the last news. Central heating is now installed with a hot water system ; and the initial redecoration is taking shape though there is still a fair bit to do.

The last few months have not been easy for a number of reasons. Everyone agrees that we have tried to do too much in too short a time and this has inevitably produced its crop of snags. But it has been immensely worthwhile and we are all very hopeful that we can now move to a further stage after a bit of consolidation.

Brother Angelo is coming in the middle of October to take over from me, so that I can go back to the Friary to organise the removal of the print shop to the Sisters at Freeland and have a holiday before returning to Ashton. I am sure that he will bring something fresh to the life of the house. Brother Godric has joined us and he too will I know have his own special contribution to make. Brother Jerome has worked very hard indeed on the interior redecoration to say nothing of innumerable other chores. Brother Cuthbert's few weeks stay with us was a great help.



We are so glad we had Brother Peter with us for S. Clare's day. **FREELAND** It was some years since we had seen him, and he looked so well and happy. He brought with him the Abbot of San Miniato al Monte, who took part in the mass and spoke to us in the afternoon. It is a tribute to Brother Peter's work that this was possible and that the abbot was quite evidently so happy to share with us in our festival.

Many of you know that our beautiful chapel, which was completed only nine years ago, is now falling down. Damp has got in behind the stonework, causing deterioration in the brickwork, which is now pushing the stone off the walls. For over a year the builders and architect have been trying to come to an agreement to determine the responsibility, and at long last they have started to pull down the east and west walls, which are the most affected, to find out the extent of the damage. These two ends have been boarded off so that we can still use the chapel, to a noisy accompaniment and an unbelievable amount of dust which filters round, under and through the insulation boarding. However we *can* still use the chapel, though guests have to pick their way through scaffolding poles and builders' huts to get to the guest chapel ! It is providing us with opportunity for some experimenting, and we get some interesting differences in acoustics ; and both we and our guests now have a magnificent view of the crucifix which the builders have fixed low on the temporary wall at the east end.

The summer months inevitably prove the popularity of **COMPTON DURVILLE** Compton Durville as a resort ! Cottage and barn have been filled to overflowing and once or twice we wondered where to put the guest whose booking had not been entered in the diary ! It is so good to know that people find something here, a rest and lovely countryside and we hope something in the way of spiritual refreshment besides. Coach loads have come in with regularity and we have been very pleased to welcome old friends and meet new ones. The annual visit of S. Francis', Bridgwater, is always enjoyed greatly by our patients, some of whom really feel they have made friends over the years.

Our contacts with younger people are encouraging too, and we sometimes wonder what attracts them ! Sister Jean went again to help with the Budle Bay Camp and we feel that something similar might be possible further South another year if facilities and staff can be provided. Sister Barbara, Sister Gwenfryd, Sister Jean and now Sister Audrey Mary continue to work in neighbouring parishes with Sunday Schools and here too seems to be a problem which the Church as a whole must face and resolve in these days of family outings on Sundays.

Earlier in the summer we invited the Reverend Tony Barnard from Wells Theological College to tell us something of modern theology, and from his visit has arisen a continuing interest. Some of us were able to visit the College, where we were warmly welcomed. Since then we have had a group of students here for a brief visit and a few have been for a quiet day. Another group of Sisters was able to visit the Community at Pilsdon.

Most of you will know already that Sister Cecilia and Sister Mary Catherine are, at the time of writing, paying a two months visit to the United States. At Father

David's request, they went to join in and represent C.S.F. at the Jubilee Celebration of the American Province and are spending some time visiting Communities and parishes, just getting to know and be known.

It seems that every province fills our interest and we hope we shall grow as God wills, to do justice to the demands, but nothing moves us more than the work of our brothers and sisters in New Guinea and in Africa. Each time Brothers return from these areas we are again enthused with the thought of such ventures. Brother Michael, and again Brother Stephen, have recalled Africa very vividly to mind with slides and talks, until some of us are longing to go !

An unusual but noteworthy item—we are very pleased to put on record that Sister Gwenfryd has had a picture hung in the exhibition run by the Association of Women Artists in London, and she has just recently 'hung' another in an exhibition at Bristol. Well done ! Sister's cartoons are a continual source of amusement to the family and to visitors. It is good to be able to shew that God works in all his creation.

*Brother Geoffrey writes :*

**PACIFIC PROVINCE** Brother Giles has returned to England to be Novice Master. He has done very valuable work at Koke especially in integrating S. Francis and Holy Family Churches more realistically into the Parish of Port Moresby and making the parish more aware of its responsibilities. He has also beautified our house at Koke and has made the grounds most attractive. Both the Church and the house have recently been painted and are looking very bright and shining. His many friends in Port Moresby are sad to see him go.

Hohola is going along well under Brother Michael Davis' gentle leadership. The House is becoming a real family with many people of the district dropping in for meals and at other times. The people are co-operating well in working for the Church and we now have a small church council of Europeans and Papuans mixed. A women's mass has been started on Wednesday mornings and the women do everything but celebrate ! They then have breakfast together with the Brothers and remain doing different works all morning. Brother Michael Davis has been appointed Anglican Chaplain for the Pacific Games which is a great responsibility and honour, and also enables him to see the Games free of charge.

Jegarata is looking very beautiful as ever. Brother Brian has had a very heavy load to bear as the Friary is very full of Brothers and also Brother Leslie has been on leave. Brother Clement has been sick with a mysterious fever which kept him away two months but I am glad to say he is now restored. Brian also has many diocesan commitments,

being a member of the Standing Committee and the Liturgical Commission as well as the Postulants' Guild, and this absorbs a lot of his time. This is a measure of the esteem in which he and the Friary are now held by the diocese and we are very thankful. The College is very full with more than forty students and likely to increase again next year. I am glad to say that Brother Timothy is now very much better after his heart operation and he and Brother Kabay make a good team at the College. Kabay did a splendid work in running the College for seven months while Timothy was away. The farm has now been made a part of the College and the aim is to build up a beef herd. It is having its teething troubles but I hope these may gradually be overcome as time goes on.

We are now turning our eyes to the starting of the New Zealand house. The team is beginning to gather and to get to know each other—a truly international team, each brother coming from a different country. Brother Reginald, who is to be the leader, will be crossing to New Zealand in order to start our annual tour at the beginning of December and so they should be ready to set up house by the middle of December and be in for Christmas. We are hoping to start quietly and to live our life of prayer and so gradually build up our work as God guides us and as we begin to learn about Auckland and its needs.

One final word about the Solomons. I spent a week in Honiara recently with Bishop John Chisholm planning the house and work we are hoping to start there next year. I am very happy to say that the Sisters of the Church have responded to the call to come and share this work with us, and we are now planning a joint work in the centre of Honiara. The diocese is being wonderfully generous and helpful and is making some rooms available as a centre for our work on the ground floor of the new diocesan office that is being built. They are also proposing to build houses for the brothers and sisters. The plan is that we should live in separate houses but eat together in a common refectory and worship together in the church. We are also to take our place in the team ministry which is being planned for Honiara by the new dean.

Surely there is not another house in the community that kept its Festival  
**KOKE** quite like we did, but I am sure S. Francis would have enjoyed it. Everyone else did though it left us a little tired at the end. During the week both Alfred and Philip were in bed with 'flu, but both were up for the mass on S. Francis Day.



At four o'clock we entertained a small group including the Little Sisters of Jesus from Hanuabada to tea. At six o'clock we had evensong at which we sang *The Seven Joys of Francis* and William's *Francis, where are you going tonight?* which together with local tunes for the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* were accompanied by Brother Alfred on the guitar. This was followed by a small party for the teachers, the brothers from Holy Family and a few clergy and mission types. They certainly gave the impression that Christianity was anything but a solemn and joyless affair—the laughter and the dancing were terrific. We can be sure that our common room floor can stand up to anything after the punishment it took that night, especially during the playing of the 'Geordies' National Anthem' when the few who were present joined in in no uncertain manner with voice and feet.

Brother Daniel arrived safely some weeks before this and has soon settled in doing some painting and other useful jobs. Afu has been with us for some time and helps tremendously with the singing in the school as well as the church. We enjoyed having Michael Thomas with us for a while. I think it is true to say that he was acclimatised rather than he became acclimatised. We enjoyed having our Minister with us for a visit; he was able to help Alfred and Philip very much in settling into their new responsibilities. Andrew is very much a part of the house although he spends most of his time studying at the medical college. Gordon has come back to us for a while and will be returning to England soon. Martyn, our young postulant from Australia, has gone to work at Hohola during the rest of his time in the Territory.

We have missed Eileen King, of course. She has been in England on leave and her place has been ably filled by Mrs. Lois Lilley, another of our Tertiaries. We have said goodbye to our two young volunteers, Janet and Donald, both of whom confess to finding many inessentials in their lives on returning to U.K. We have also welcomed their successors, Wendy who is working in the school and transit house and Rosemary who is running the Youth Employment Office.

We have started a Friday Night Club run by Daniel and Afu, when we open the door of our workshop-office to any who want to come and listen to records, play their guitars, have soft drinks and bangers. We are off to a slow start but it may develop.

We hope soon to start building a new house for teachers. When this is done we will convert the present house into more accommodation for single men, and also build a recreation and dining room for them and extend the present cooking and toilet facilities. But all this will take time, and will not be ready for two or three years. Sufficient money is not yet available. We feel we cannot say anything about the poor accommodation for single men in Port Moresby unless we are doing all we can to accommodate men in our own quarters.

These notes are being written on the day after the friary festival when we commemorated the Stigmata of S. Francis. Today is a holiday to give the brothers and the students a chance to recover from the exhaustion of yesterday and the preparations it entailed. The place is quieter than usual. Brother Leslie has taken some of the family in the truck to the Sambogo river for a swim and a picnic. Others are sleeping quietly in their rooms or strumming a guitar beside a cooking-pot containing sweet potato and cabbage in the college

gardens, while one or two brothers lazily kick a football around the recreation field with half a dozen very small boys who are the sons of our married students in the evangelists' college. Two older schoolboys, who are staying with us, have been helping me to do what little cooking will be attempted for the evening meal ; for two people who are banned from the Kitchen today are the normal kitchen brothers, Austin and Imasu, who did such a stalwart job to feed yesterday's multitude. On the eve of the festival they were covered with flour, looking like the sausage rolls they had been making.

The festival was a very happy day indeed. With Solomon Island music and a good simple sermon, partly in Pidgin and partly in English, from our companion priest, Canon Peter Robin, the Eucharist was offered with that joyful praise one should expect on such an occasion, in a chapel which had been so beautifully decorated and painted by the students with the help of Brother Timothy and Mrs. Judy Cottier.

After sausage rolls, buns and soft drinks had been devoured with amazing rapidity we were all set for the play, this year written and produced by Brother Leslie, and aided by the choir of which he is also the master. The play, which was performed in our natural open-air theatre, succeeded in portraying the sanctified humanity of Francis and the first friars. There was nothing sentimental about the Francis whom Brother Paulus Moi acted, as he conveyed to the large appreciative audience the seriousness of the saint's life and vocation, while James Hondari (one of the students), taking the part of Leo, provided those comic touches which had the same audience almost crying with laughter. The massive figure of Brother Colin first as Pietro Bernadone, then as the Pope carried on a chair shoulder high by four strong students from the highlands, and lastly as the Sultan, delicately fanned by two local village maidens, put the play in its historic setting even here in the Papuan bush.

Afterwards the audience wandered to the recreation field on to which there emerged groups of gaily-coloured dancers from behind bushes and coconut trees. First came a little Solomon group led by Brothers Peter Boe and Austin to show the dancing of Santa Ysabel. Then followed a very colourful group of twenty students and brothers led by Brother Kabay doing the graceful dance of the Kiwai people of Western Papua and the Torres Strait Islands. From another corner of the field a large group of small men from the Daga Mountains entered to the accompaniment of deep-toned drums. Eventually Jegarata villagers made their majestic entrance, and there in the middle of them was one dancer whose body was a little less brown than the others—Brother Clement clad in the feathers and paint of a Jegarata villager. There were more to follow when Brother Paul Antony led on a New Britain group showing us a dance some of us had not seen before. All over the field was the spontaneous happy noise of drums, rattles, coconut shells, and of human voices singing and laughing. Here and there were little groups spontaneously performing comic acts surrounded by an audience of wide-eyed boys and girls who exclaimed merrily at every funny move. White ex-patriate visitors rushed from one form of entertainment to another, clicking their expensive cameras and saying ' Brother, this is something to write home about '.

At dusk the dancing was brought temporarily to a halt for a short evensong in the open. Gradually our visitors began to make their way home by truck or on foot, singing and cheering as they went.

But it was not until the bell for compline rung that the last of the Daga dancers stopped and a group of guitar players and jivers around a Kerosene lamp brought festivities to an end. Tomorrow, with lectures, gardening, farming and building vitalised by the daily round of praise and prayer we shall be back to normal.

Soon Brother Colin will be leaving us to be one of the first brothers to go to the New House at Auckland in New Zealand. He will be much missed here, for he has had a good influence on very many both inside and outside the friary. Brother Peter Boe will be visiting his people in the Solomons over Christmas ; and may be undertaking a training course at the Papuan Medical College in Port Moresby when he returns.

Brothers Bernard Francis and Austin will replace Afu and Samuel at Koke and Hohola in the new Year—Afu and Samuel returning here to continue their noviciate. The two Australian novices, Gerard and Wayne, who have been with us this year, will be returning to Brisbane soon, and will be replaced by Matthias and Ignatius. On S. Bartholomew's day we had the happy event of the clothing of Brother Comins who comes from Ulawa Island in the Solomons.

Ten minutes walk from the Friary, in what used to be the house and accommodation of the manager and staff of the Denis Taylor Farm, we are seeing the new diocesan lay training centre growing up under the direction of Father John Cottier and his wife. It is a great joy to us to have them as our neighbours and to benefit from their skills. There is a great deal of evangelistic work to be done over which we can co-operate.

By the time this is read there will have been the commissioning of twelve students as evangelists. Pray for them as they begin their new work, some in very lonely places. There have been forty-two students in the college this year, and now that their training is to be extended to three years it looks as if the numbers will be greater in the future.

We look forward hopefully to the Provincial and First Order Chapters here in February, when we shall have the Minister General here together with the Ministers of the English and American Provinces and their representatives, and also Chapter Brothers from Brisbane, Port Moresby and Auckland.

**BRISBANE** Brother Bernard arrived from England in early September and seems to be very happy about all that he has found here. Brother William and Brother George have opened a house nearer into the city, about twenty minutes from the Friary. Named after a prominent C.E.M.S. member, 'Morris House' hopes to receive the support of the Diocesan C.E.M.S. It is ideally suited to house ten men, who with the Brothers and Mrs. Bolton make up the family, and to help them adjust to regular work and eventually to a home of their own. Mrs. Bolton, the mother of five sons herself, has had plenty of experience and is a great asset to the team. Brother William hopes to continue his T.V. and other outside work (he strokes his bald head and says that he is writing a new musical called 'Skin') and Brother George his prison work. They are a great loss to the Friary but are near enough to come up as often as possible.



The Friary had a very happy Stigmata Festival and has arranged some quiet days for clergy and laity. We hope to improve facilities for retreatants and eventually to build a chapel and thus free a very useful room for conferences and retreats. We are still able to take about ten men to live at the Friary for a time and in November have arranged for our many doctor and social worker friends to come and discuss with us the best use of our accommodation.

Brother Iltyd is half way through his university social work degree and examinations loom close. He is greatly looking forward to U.K. leave in November which comes after five very hard years here. When he returns in February there will be both chapters in Jagarata and then an intake of six aspirants, who we hope will become novices.

It has been good to have Brother Reginald and Brother Michael Thomas with us for a time before they go off to New Zealand. We shall miss Brother Raymond who is going with them. He has done a first class job as guest-master here and in his preaching and personal work.

Brother Geoffrey is with us until Christmas and we look forward to the Minister General's visit in December and to the community retreat which he is to conduct.

All our news this quarter somehow finds  
**AMERICAN PROVINCE** a notch to fit into under the general  
 heading of *Jubilee*, that wondrous word  
 that captures our attention and rheems up fondest memories of lovely  
 people. Our Jubilee celebrating primarily our fifty years as Franciscans  
 in the Episcopal Church in the U.S.A. and to honor those who made  
 this possible, was a very very happy affair. We really did laugh and  
 sing and shout and shake hands vigorously. But even stronger than  
 happy, it was a joyful occasion, one which gave it the mark of some-  
 thing distinctively Christian—it centered around the Lord.

We began our festivities with a celebration of the liturgy of the  
 Lord's Supper at S. Luke's Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York City, at  
 twelve noon on 20 September. Brother David preached at that mass,  
 a very sensitive and helpful sermon. The music was that of Father  
 Lucien Deiss ably taught and led by Brother Robert, who indeed made  
 the whole day to run very smoothly by his expert management and  
 organization. Bishop Paul Moore, our newly elected Bishop Protector,  
 gave us his blessing, climaxing his first act as our protector, that of  
 president of our Jubilee eucharist. He is a long time friend and  
 supporter so we are blessed indeed to have him with us on a more  
 permanent basis.

After the eucharist we had a buffet luncheon, where the many friends old and new came to greet us and we them (about eight hundred and sixty handshakes, when you consider everyone does it about twice !) with a truly encouraging and loving time had by all. That we are one Franciscan family throughout the world is a true miracle and much thanksgiving ought to take place. And when you realize this on a local level, it is truly humbling and overwhelming to know what good supporters of our life and work we really have. After the luncheon, we all returned to the church, and heard a series of addresses from each of the key people in the American Province, the Bishop Protector, the Minister General, the Minister Provincial, Sister Mary Philomena P.C. Rep. Ext., representing the Second Order at Maryhill, Peter Funk the Novice Director of the Third Order. Then Father Joseph made a response to the tributes paid to him and made us all feel very very proud that we have such a loving and able founder and father in him. God grant him a long and happy life with his brothers and sisters.

Many religious and friends, both Anglican and Roman Catholic, were able to attend. All in all, a wonderfully joyful occasion.

By no means overshadowing this but fitting into our pattern of life, earlier in September, Mother Mary Grace, Superior of the Western Province of the Community of S. Mary, gave us our long Fall retreat on the Creation story of Genesis 1. This is almost unreportable. It was a very sensitive and delving experience for each of us without exception, when under her direction we could open up our senses and hearts and give them more exercise than they often get. It is a beautiful autumn at Little Portion with bright colors and strong sunshine making us feel life more than usual especially when there is a catalyst among the crowd who can point out such fine but important points about life and nature and God's creation that we often take so much for granted that we miss altogether. We have much to be thankful for. And nor do we just have one more friend in coming to know Mother Mary Grace, but she introduced us to a whole host of creatures, so many we couldn't begin to number. *Deo Gratias.*

After our retreat, we had our first Provincial Chapter under the new S.S.F. Constitution. It was far from a 'constitutional' affair, in the dry sense of the word. For us in the American Province, it is a time when the brothers can be together to work out by common consensus and prayer to the Holy Spirit the problems and opportunities that face

us as members of the American society. At this chapter, we elected Brother Mark to Life Profession, and Brothers Allan, Andrew Paul and Chad Allen to Simple Profession. We have also established the center of our work in Florida at Miami, where Brother Adam will be in charge, with Brother Anthony, Brother Barnabas and Brother Andrew. We are also going to remodel the kitchen at Little Portion which is far too small for the number of people for which we have to cook. This is long overdue and we hope that it can be accomplished as quickly as possible. And it was also felt from common consensus that our exchanges of brothers between provinces of the S.S.F. was very valuable and that it must go on.

After our week of Chapter discussions and Chapter itself, we had our Jubilee in New York, following closely with a week of open house here at Little Portion. This was climaxed on the second Sunday when we had forty-five people for the Sunday eucharist, a hundred and fifty visitors for the afternoon and evening, and over a hundred for Evensong.

After all these festivities and during them, many friends and guests from other provinces have continued to come our way. Doctor Kelleher has just been here for two days, and of course the highlight of the season as far as most of us are concerned is the visit for two months of Sister Cecilia and Sister Mary Catherine from our English active Sisterhood, the Community of S. Francis, at Compton Durville, Somerset, England. We only wish they could stay very much longer.

Brother Robert has again set out on a long extended tour of the North-western part of our Continent, going as far north as Alaska. Happy winter, Robert !

Our guesthouse at Little Portion continues to be full and well used. Each weekend seems to provide us with varied and interesting groups of men, women and young people coming to share our life with us.

With the New York house at S. Matthew and S. Timothy closed, we have started living in Brooklyn at the Church of the Ascension, where several of our brothers had a Vacation Bible School this summer. It is a poor area, with much work to be done. Brother Allan is living in Brooklyn and working at S. Barnabas' Home for Children, doing a course in child care, and Brother Joel also lives there, while going to school at Mercer Seminary and working part-time in the parish with Father Davidson, the Rector.



## On the Road

IN the early days of the Society of S. Francis it was customary for the brothers to go out along the road and to share the wayfarers' way of life for a time. They tried to be companions to those in need, and if possible to bring them help. But as the friars have travelled through the country and in many parts of the world on their various evangelistic assignments, it is they who have found the help of many companions. Wherever they have gone, there have been those who wished to be associated with them, to assist them by their prayers and interest in their life and work. They form the Companions of S. Francis.

The Companions are ordinary Christians, travelling on the Christian road, like all the rest. Their rule of life is usually a simple codification of what they would in any case do as members of the church. It includes the usual diet of prayer and eucharist, of Bible reading and almsgiving. No special hardships and ascetic practices are laid upon them. Of course they undertake to remember the friars and sisters in their prayers. They try to be well informed about the Society's activities. Sometimes they are in a position to give practical assistance to the Society in its work. Where possible they have occasional meetings for mutual support. There is a minimal organisation, a network of secretaries and chaplains and friars appointed to keep in touch, in order to make this possible. But all elaboration is avoided. The keynote is simplicity.

The important thing, however is that they are *companions*. They keep company with the brothers and sisters of the Society. There is a sense of belonging. This sense is very important, and not by any manner of means a one-sided thing, as people sometimes imagine. Certainly many Companions value this sense of belonging, especially when they live in rather isolated conditions and are liable to the depressing effects of loneliness. Then there is support in the knowledge that we belong to a recognisable family, that they are part of us and we are part of them. Then anyone else of the Franciscan family whom we happen to meet can be claimed immediately as a friend, and there is already much in common between us. Moreover there is the incentive of loyalty to a group to prevent us from becoming slack and weary in fulfilling the obligations of our rule.

But the sense of belonging is something of great value on the other side too. The friars and sisters are working full time for the Kingdom of God. And (as so often happens in the practical life of the armed forces) that can mean doing the chores and apparently irrelevant jobs, without much glamour and without much assurance of success. It is easy to feel that one is out on a limb. It is easy to grow despondent. Then the fact that there is a considerable number of friends who understand what we are trying to do, and who know that the friars are human like everyone else, not at all perfect and not at all immune to the onslaughts of worry and depression, makes it more bearable. A little appreciation goes a long way. It gives the knowledge that there are those who do care, and who do understand. Appreciation does not need to be expressed in the form of flattery. If it takes that form it becomes positively harmful. But in the form of understanding and interest and support it is immensely helpful.

Wherever the Society goes it always finds friends. This is sometimes the guiding factor in the decision to open up new work. Our new house in New Zealand has come about because of the large measure of existing support. The friars are called to a special way of life, but it is not their vocation 'to go it alone'. The Society is a family within the larger family of the church as a whole. It is not a self-contained unit, but spreads out into the life of the church, wherever it can be of use. The Companions represent the presence of the Society far more widely than it can ever reach by the active work of the friars and sisters themselves. It is to them the greatest help to know that they have Companions on the road.

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## Companions Down Under

**W**HEN we came to work in New Guinea nearly eleven years ago we had to make up our minds whether we wanted Companions at all, and if we did how we were going to think of them and use them. What seemed quite foolish and wrong was to impose the system of Companions as conceived and practiced in England in New Guinea, Australia and the countries of the Pacific. We had to start from scratch and think it all out afresh.

Already Brother Charles had toured Australia, New Guinea and New Zealand and had made a tremendous impression everywhere. Wherever he visited and conducted missions or retreats he left behind small groups of Companions. These people almost invariably had been helped by him spiritually and wished to keep a link with him and the Community. The Companions was a means whereby they could do this. But it was largely a personal matter of a link with Brother Charles because he was the only Franciscan they had met. There were, however, some who became Companions not simply out of an affection for the friars, but from a desire to spread the Franciscan life and to live it themselves. Such was a small group of people in Auckland fostered by Father Francis Fennell who first became Companions and later were the first Tertiaries in New Zealand, and formed the foundation on which has been built a strong Franciscan movement in New Zealand which has never been dependent on the friars, simply because there were no friars to be dependent on.

It was the idea of spreading the Franciscan life which formed the basis of the development of the Companions in the Pacific. There were no friars in Australia and New Zealand to attract people to the Franciscan life, but there was a growing number of people who felt called to follow our Lord in the way of S. Francis. They were our first Anglican Franciscans living under a definite rule of life, and committing themselves to the four obligations of the Companions. As they developed, a number of them became members of the Third Order. Thus right from the start there has been a close relationship between the Companions and the Tertiaries. Many of the Tertiaries have come in via the Companions, and it has become the custom for Tertiaries to attend all Companions meetings and very often they provide the inspiration and drive. Of course they have their own separate area meetings as well, and their own retreat and Chapter, but they take a full part in the life of the Companions whom they see as an integral part of the Franciscan movement and not simply, as the Companions have sometimes irreverently been referred to, as 'The Friars Fan Club'.

We see the Companions, then, as first of all a disciplined group of Christian people committed to a rule of life and not particularly attached to the Friary.

Before anyone can become a Companion he has to draw up a rule of life with the Chaplain in accordance with the points set out in the Guiding Principles, and must do a probationary period lasting at least



three months. Then he is made a member at a Companions meeting and his rule is offered on the altar. Once a year, usually at S. Francistide, there is a quiet day when Companions review their rule and this is followed by a service of re-dedication when they renew their rule of life for a further year.

Secondly the Companions see themselves as committed to a Franciscan way of life in the setting of their own calling in the world. This is worked out in practice as they undertake the four obligations to pray for the Society and support it with alms, to aim at simplicity of life avoiding extravagance and waste, to help those in distress, and to try to bring others to the knowledge and love of Christ. They have taken these obligations seriously and at their meetings have studied the implications of them for themselves as individuals and as a group. For example, they have found it helpful and worthwhile to examine what simplicity of life really means for them today and what they are doing about it practically. Also what steps they should take to help those in distress.

Some Companions have undertaken a work or project together as a group. For example our Papuan Companions at Popondetta have done specific jobs for the Sisters of the Visitation and the Brothers. One year they built us a large outdoor Crib at Christmas. Recently they have asked if they may visit the local hospital once a week, or accompany the brothers as they visit the prison. These are things they have decided themselves quite independently of the brothers. This, we feel, is what a Companions group should be. It should have an independent life of its own which it arranges itself. The brothers can be called in for consultation from time to time, but the group should generate life in itself.

There has been much trial and error with regards to meetings but the general tendency at present is to have full meetings four times in the year. There is one at S. Francistide which often takes the form of a quiet day and ends with the renewal of the rule of life. Of the remaining three, one is usually devoted to the study of some aspect of the rule or obligations, another to some ecumenical activity and sometimes nowadays involves a joint meeting with a Roman Catholic Tertiary group, and a third is devoted to the study of some social work or caring work. Sometimes small groups of Companions meet informally rather more frequently for Bible Study and prayer together as they think fit.

In the countries of the Pacific area the beginnings of growth of a Franciscan life have come from the Companions. Only in New Guinea did the friars arrive and inaugurate the Companions. But in Australia and New Zealand it was the Companions who first spread the Franciscan life and spirit and paved the way for the coming of the friars and the development of Franciscan vocations.

This article is not intended as a blue print of what we feel Companions should be. It is a factual account, rather hurriedly put together, because time was short, of what has actually grown up in our Pacific Province to meet what we felt were the needs at that time. It is something that has been worked out through trial and error, and it is still being worked out, by groups of people who have a devotion to S. Francis and have a desire to live the Franciscan life as far as they are able within the setting of their daily work in life. We are finding one or two people from other denominations also being drawn into our fellowship. We have probably broken most of the rules, and it would be a mistake to think we have always been successful, but in some instances a good deal of life has been generated and not a few have been helped in their Christian discipleship.

GEOFFREY S.S.F.

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## On the End of a Branch

**I** FIRST set eyes on a Franciscan during my opening term at Oxford in 1945. A new friend, Pat Kent, took me to a room at the University Church to meet Father Charles. That gentle man with twinkling eyes and pun-ridden conversation was different from anyone I had ever met. I was immensely impressed by him as a person as well as by what he stood for. So it is inevitable that my reflections on the meaning of my Companionship will concern themselves so much with memories of the actual brethren to whom I have been a Companion. For I consider myself committed, most willingly, to Companionship not only with S. Francis himself and the Master whom we serve, but also with the Franciscan brothers as I have come to know them.

Long before my encounter with Charles I had been drawn to S. Francis. He shone out of the pages of those books of history which had led me, not only to Oxford, but indeed to whatever grasp I have been given upon our Faith. It was the God who works in history who had seized me during confirmation lessons three years earlier—that Jesus who walked and sweated in Palestine and had died on an actual day in history, who on another day had risen from the grave and who lives on throughout our history, not least in the lives of his saints. To whom could one's attention be more commandingly drawn than Francis of Assisi? He was undoubtedly of star quality. In the theatre, in such a case for example as that of Scofield, despite the unforgettable impact of so powerful a stage personality, the main effect of his performance is a fresh insight into, say, Lear or Thomas More. So with S. Francis. He draws many to himself and the result is a deepened encounter with the God for whom he acts. The analogy is imperfect, but I recognise that whatever truth there is in it accounts at least in part for my personal adulation of Francis and my gratitude to him for pointing me to the Lamb of God.

But Francis was not only a great star. He was also patriarch of a numberless clan, the Franciscans. Like another friend of God before him, he too begat a prodigious company of the chosen. Now if our Anglican friars are the junior branch of this family tree, we Companions are the least offshoot of that branch. Yet we are essentially of the family and should recognise ourselves to be so. Even I, as poor an example as one might choose, have felt the significance of my membership of the family in many ways and a variety of places. When first coming in to land at San Francisco airport a proprietary sensation overcame me. And the connection with the Poverello was there purely nominal!

To return by this devious route to Father Charles. I was to see him many times before his death in 1961. But I dare say none of our encounters was of more importance for me than the first. Not only was it so for the reasons I have suggested but also because this was the first time I had discussed with anyone the desirability of sacramental confession. Charles told me that if I plucked up courage and had a go at it I might feel like coming away and leaping over the house-tops, but probably not. And so it has turned out. How I have been helped to persist, quite uncharacteristically, for twenty-four years I shall return to later.



Charles invited me to go and spend a night or so at the Stepney house, at that time struggling in its early days at 84 Cable Street. I was a sheltered provincial not used to London and I remember being white with fright as I made my way out of Aldgate East station and asked my way down Leman Street. Mercifully it was dark and I trust no-one spotted my apprehension. What I recall most clearly about the rest of the visit was the scampering of rats above the ceiling and the little picture of S. Clare uncovered by Father Neville beneath some obscenities while scraping down wallpaper left by previous occupants.

In 1946 Charles invited me to be in his team which was part of the missionary avalanche to descend on Keighley in the West Riding from the ivory towers of Oxford. I went there as a history student thinking vaguely in terms of going into the law ; I came away an ordinand. Our group was posted to S. Peter's church, presided over by a nice vicar called Tommy Handley (a name of greater association then than now, alas). Charles went through all the motions with which I was to become even more lovingly familiar later on—playing those old mission hymns, atrociously, on his violin ; trailing his knotted girdle as a lure for the kids ; exhorting his hearers to help towards expenses by throwing their money down the drain (an old drain pipe expeditiously parked just inside the church door). But he radiated the goodness of God and people loved Him more through him. On the 3 October, the eve of S. Francis' day, while listening to one of Charles' homely sermons I became conscious of a disturbing fact ; I could do nothing else than try to become a priest. I have often pondered the somewhat negative terms in which my vocation was couched. The results however have been far from negative and here I am, my vocation come of age and still, thank God, going fairly strong. Next morning, the feast itself, I signed one of the mission resolution cards. I still carry it in my wallet. Though grimy now and dog-eared it still says, with simplicity, 'I resolve by the grace of God to dedicate my life to Our Lord Jesus Christ, and in particular I promise to offer myself to his service in the Sacred Ministry'. It was countersigned by Brother Michael, another member of the team. It has many times helped to keep me up to the mark and is one of my most valued possessions.

To round off this section about Charles I might just add that some time later I was to fall in love with someone in irregular circumstances. This girl turned out to have been a protégée of Charles at one of the schools he used to visit. I consider this seemingly chance common

friendship had a strong effect on the resolution of our dilemma. So is one's influence effective in ways of which one never dreams.

But Charles was not the only dominating factor to emerge from the Friary and shape my life during those crucial years at Oxford. That was the era also of Father Algy's regular visits to the universities with Michael as his aide. We all have our personal memories of that little marvel, gazing up at us with his taut smile as no doubt he now gazes down. My recollections probably coincide with those of my readers at several points. For instance, on my first visit to Cerne I was surprised to be summoned to his cell at ten p.m. to make a confession with which I had sought his aid. My astonishment was increased when I found him on the bed, the legendary water-bottle over his tummy and a stole about his neck. Many things happened for me through his visits to Oxford. One was that I somehow got involved with the production (which came to nothing) of a play about S. Francis which Algy had suggested doing outside the Meadow Buildings at the House. The author was Valerie Pitt who has since made her name in other ways. But I do not remember the exact circumstances nor what became of the script.

One great thing that Algy did for me was to inveigle me into going to the first Wooler Camp in the Cheviots when it was revived after the war. He had started these as a curate at Cullercoats. I accepted persuasion somewhat reluctantly since I have never enjoyed roughing it, still less under canvas pitched anywhere north of the Alps. The camp comprised two groups, on the one hand boys from 'working class' parishes in the north-east and on the other Oxbridge undergraduates and pupils of southern public schools. I believe he thought I would be useful as I had a foot in both camps, being a native of Hartlepool, Co. Durham, and also at Oxford. Though my enthusiasm was tepid before the event, as it turned out the whole affair was a marvellously enriching experience. The boys mixed quite spontaneously and even the various clergy involved seemed to enjoy it without getting repulsively hearty. I suspect that the one who hated it most was the camp commandant, Father Denis. Those of you who know him and love him as I do will recognise that his assignment to this role was not exactly type casting ; and when the following year I was promoted (by Algy) to be his 'adjutant' the folly might be thought to have been complete. But we survived. Though only just ! We had rigged up a system of crude seats over the latrine pits

and it was my misfortune to break one of these. I remained wedged, bottom downwards, in the pit until the next client arrived what seemed an eternity later. It was the ultimate in personal humiliation.

Denis, so far as I know, avoided that particular test of resilience. His trials were to come later. Some of us used to move off at the end of the camping week on a splendid pilgrimage beginning on Holy Island, thence via the Lowland Abbeys to Hexham, Chester-le-Street, ending up at Durham Cathedral—in the steps of S. Cuthbert, so to speak. We walked part of the way but mostly rode. At various stations we performed one of the ‘Little Plays of S. Francis’, by Laurence Houseman. Denis enacted the role of the saint. Each year there was at least one thing which proved too much for his extraordinary sense of humour. I recall that in one play he had to observe that ‘the worm has but to turn’. Why it was so funny is not clear to me now in retrospect, but every night it proved too much for Denis and out would come that rippling chuckle which spirals into a hoot. I believe that only in the Galilee Chapel at Durham, within chuckling distance of the tomb of S. Bede, did his self-control triumph. Yet during both camp and pilgrimage we all learned a great deal, not only about each other but about God and his saint, Francis.

To Algy I owe three other debts, the most important of which I shall return to in my closing paragraphs. Here I will refer only to the others. During my National Service, after Oxford, I served as (so ran the official jargon, believe it or not) Supervising Officer Education, Oxfordshire, Berkshire and Buckinghamshire. I had the delight of being once introduced by Algy as ‘My friend Captain Hester ; he’s in charge of education in Oxford !’. The second thing he did for me was of more serious substance. He suggested the parish in which I was to serve my title, S. George’s, Southall. He had recently preached a Lent Course there and been enormously impressed by the posse of healthy young males who met him from the bus each week and escorted him into church.

My debt to Denis is equally profound. He invited me to stay at the Cambridge house where he was living at that time. He was *inter alia* the Actors’ Church Union honorary chaplain at the Arts Theatre, and it was from him that I first heard of the work of the A.C.U., knowledge later supplemented by Brother Ronald (A.C.U.’s man at Coventry). When I became full-time Secretary of the A.C.U. I was able to renew tradition by persuading Brother Bernard to act as chaplain to the Theater Royal, Stratford, whither he commuted from the Plaistow



house. My other memory of Cambridge, though, is of Brother Arthur. He was very deaf and one day interrupted a conversation between Denis and me about Canaletto by enquiring, 'Canon who . . . ?'.

I have mentioned that my native town is Hartlepool. So in vacations from Oxford and Cuddesdon I was able to develop my acquaintance with the friars as they became more deeply involved with the north-east during those postwar years. Michael came to stay with us at my parents' home, giving rise to a rumour in the neighbourhood that I was 'going into a monkery'—as it came back to us. No such fortune was to be mine. (To the nearby parish of S. Luke, Pallion, however came to work two curates, one formerly a fellow-lodger with me at Oxford, who are now respectively Brother Edward, a former editor, and Brother Barnabas, a present editor of this very journal). One Good Friday I made the complicated bus journey to Ashington, where Michael was preaching the three hours. The vicar there was Jack Weatherston and when he and his wife, Louise, moved later to London they invited me for many weekend leaves during my army service. I met the Archdeacon of Middlesex of the time and the Bishop of London's chaplain, first connexions with the diocese where to date my entire ministry has been served. It is not fanciful to be grateful to the Franciscans for their part in all this. Nor indeed to thank them for their example of good, sturdy Catholicism, a constant factor during the growth and waning within me of a more partisan Anglo-Catholicism with its temptation to preciosity.

I should like to be able to write more fully also of Brother Douglas. But alas I knew him only slightly. I have, though, two vivid memories of him. One is of him borrowing my fountain pen, having just given away his own (a presentation one) to someone he had met on a train in Germany. The second is of visiting him, I being a young curate, as he lay mortally sick in the Hostel of God at Clapham. He asked for my blessing. Never have I felt more in need of the grace of orders and I shall always treasure the honour he did me.

One of the best things to arise from my Companionship was the pen-friendship to which some of us were urged with Companions in France and Holland. Those were in the bad old days, centuries before Vatican II and the new *rapprochement*. Roman Catholics—to say nothing of foreigners—were people living in another world. Our companionship with S. Francis began to bridge the gulf long before

we were prepared to contemplate our relationship to each other in Christ. Sjef Hilgers, my Dutch correspondent, and I became true friends, visiting each other's homes and churches. And though we are now both married with families we still manage to maintain our connections.

I have been grateful for and quoted my status as a Companion in many places abroad since that first visit to Rotterdam and have always been received with courtesy, and in some cases curiosity. This has been true at the centre of Franciscan family devotion, Assisi, and in the Holy Land itself. This latter I have been fortunate enough to visit many times and since the Franciscans have custody of many of the Holy Places one comes to feel a strong sense of brotherhood with e.g. Brother Cornelius on Mont Tabor, the exuberant Superior at the church at Bethany, and the young American friar in lonely charge of the 'latin' Shepherds' Fields. And not only in Roman Catholic circles abroad has my Companionship opened wonderful experiences to me. Last Maundy Thursday and Good Friday I stayed with our Friars on Long Island (two of whom were already my friends in England). I shall never forget those days.

Throughout all these encounters and adventures runs a power cable to which I have not made explicit reference. It is the third of Algy's legacies to me, the Rule of Life which membership of the Companions entails. Algy's suggestion that I might become a Companion was my first introduction to this God-given practice. Nothing has been more important to me in the survival of my spiritual life. It has been like a carrot dangling before my nose, drawing me forward to a better effort than my lazy disposition would otherwise have achieved. It has been a recognisable channel of grace for me, not least in encouraging me to keep on going to confession ; an armoury for my Faith against which the vicissitudes of church debate, worldly ambition and a frivolous, often vicious temperament have swirled and beaten and retired hurt. Much of my recent ministry has been spent in what are generally imagined to be more-than-usually exposed situations. Not that they are in fact so, more than those of any other priest ; although I admit that the superficial setting is occasionally bizarre—dressing rooms, strip clubs, late night coffee bars and so on. A priest's life is always and perhaps should be full of hazards, both material and spiritual (not so different really from those of a layman !). For me at

least, a Rule of Life has been of the essence of my survival. For this I thank God and the Franciscans with all my heart.

I hope that in writing of past influences I have not indicated that the present is 'less Franciscan' for me. I go each year to the Friary for retreat ; my invaluable assistant, Kenneth Leech, is a Companion ; I meet others, like Donald Swann, frequently in my daily work. I value both the memories of those who are now dead, and their continuing Companionship, and the friendship of friars still battling it out down here. And if the new friars seem to be getting younger every year, like policemen, it means only that I am getting older ; which is, after all, the way of all flesh and no bad thing in the long run.

JOHN HESTER,  
*Rector of Soho.*

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## A Companion at Home

IT must be almost proverbial that many housewives vegetate and their intellect deteriorates, and I find that most of my friends who are mothers of young children do feel that this has happened to them. Partly through the life I lead, but mostly due to natural laziness and having so few mental demands, I myself have become a fairly contented cabbage during the past eight or nine years. Being largely absorbed in practical things I hardly ever find time to read serious books and seldom think, in the sense of sitting down and wrestling with a problem. Ideas do come and go, of course, and I have found that rocking the baby or Hoovering or ironing can be meditative occupations, which if I were more disciplined would give me plenty of time for thought.

But although the 'job' of a housewife and mother is not intellectually demanding it is very fulfilling. One is daily concerned with the simple elements of life, and the chores of feeding a family and cleaning a house are very basic, so that even in these days of packaged food and labour-saving gadgets we can still feel close to nature and to the earth and its elements. For example, nothing used to make me more thankful for our sister water than when I had dirty nappies to wash.



I also like to remember that as housewives and mothers we are doing a job that countless generations of women have done before in one way or another : We are all helping small bodies to grow into big ones and through love and understanding we are helping small minds and spirits to grow up. What could be more fulfilling than that ?

But of course there are the drawbacks too. We are often told about the stresses and strains of a young family with the ' screaming brats ' always under Mum's feet and driving her to distraction, and sometimes I find it is only too true even in the happiest of circumstances ! Also of course one is very tied, and cannot easily escape when things get too much. But there is good and bad in all jobs and I would not alter mine for anything. I am sure that having a family changes one. Each child makes ones capacity for love a little greater, and one is bound to be a little less selfish when there are four people to consider besides oneself. The constant demands and disappointments *must* be moulding one's own character, and so we can only hope it is for the better.

One of the best things I have found about motherhood is the many opportunities for meeting people which it provides. I have made countless friends in my few years in East Ham, starting at the ante-natal clinic and going through the sociable pram-pushing period, to the meeting of children from school. During four years in a Cambridge flat as a single girl I never knew my next door neighbours, but here during two years in a new house I seem to know half the people in the street, and I enjoy the neighbourly chats over the garden gate and in the supermarkets. This is a side of life I never dreamed I was cut out for, but I find the many contacts with people enjoyable in themselves, and they give a real opportunity for witness and for helping people. These opportunities make me wish that I could talk more easily about our faith. But somehow, although it means more to me as I grow older, I find that if I talk about Christianity to someone whom I do not know very well indeed, the words sound hollow and false in my ears. I find that one of the good things about being a Companion is the chance it gives to meet other Christians who have a similar outlook, to whom I can talk on the same ' wavelength '.

I first became a Franciscan Companion when I was working in Cambridge and was fully entrenched in the worshipping and social life of S. Benet's and S. Francis House. It was through the Companions that my husband and I met, so naturally being Companions has a very special and personal meaning for us.

The living memory of S. Benet's and the chapel at the house are still a great inspiration. The stillness and holiness, the feeling of people praying and the assurance of the reality of God are all things which help and encourage me whenever I remember them. We are fortunate here in living quite near to Plaistow so that at times we can breathe this special atmosphere which the friars manage to create in their places of worship.

Being a Companion involves remembering the Society and its work. God only knows how much I fail to pray for them regularly, but when I do remember this band of men and women who have rejected the go-getting of our material rat-race to try to serve God and man wholeheartedly, it gives me great encouragement and inspiration, and makes me feel very ashamed of my own discontentments. I suppose that, along with many others, I tend to put the friars and sisters on a pedestal, and think of them as beyond discontent and unhappiness. Wearing a habit seems to put them apart and to give them an aura of sanctity. Yet sanctity is not of course any easier for them to achieve than it is for the rest of us. Really to be of help in our prayers we should use our imagination to see them as ordinary people struggling against sins and temptations as we do ourselves. God uses them as they are, and he has promised to use us in so far as we allow him to take our lives and make them his own. So I think we should always remember that the friars pray regularly for all of the companions, and let the thought of this be a source of strength in our daily lives.

As my husband and I are much involved in parish life, we tend to get narrow-minded about the church as a whole. People in our parish are caring and loving ; there is a good deal of sick visiting and concern for others, but we seldom think much beyond the parish boundaries. To be associated with the Society really does widen our outlook, and especially now that it is so far flung. I eagerly await THE FRANCISCAN, and usually manage to read the newsletters whilst stirring the custard or overseeing the washing machine, but after that, I regret, other activities crowd in, and the rest of the articles get read piecemeal over quite a long period, or not at all. Nevertheless it does help me to see a little beyond the tip of my own nose.

As I said at the beginning, I am a happy cabbage and I enjoy my life as a housewife and mother. It can be a life that ties one to the home very much, but I find it is also very free. I can usually leave the dusting to visit a friend or a lonely old lady, or to play tennis.

But the very freedom also means that the life can lack structure, and I do find it very difficult sometimes to make time for prayer. Children are so unpredictable that even early rising can be foiled by still earlier children, and I often let myself do just one more job before I settle for my quiet time, so that in the end there is no time left. And yet I know more and more that prayer is as necessary as food, and the more unstructured my days, the more I need a stable prayer time to be a rock and anchor in the day. And so again it is a great help to be within reach of a friar for confession and counselling and good solid practical advice.

So much of being a companion is also a part of being a Christian that it is rather hard to distinguish the particular difference it makes. There are of course the Companions' meetings of which two or three a year are within reach, but a young family makes it difficult to attend. The Annual Quiet Day, however, I regard as a top priority, and by hook or by crook make arrangements so that I may go. I look forward to it as a highlight in the year, for it is a special treat to have several hours of quiet, to be in church without the children for a change, and to have the peace to reflect and pray undisturbed. As far as other meetings are concerned, I feel on the whole that there should not be too many. But one has to find a balance between being over-parochial on the one hand, and spreading one's concerns too wide and thin on the other, so that one makes no real friends or deep contacts. But having said this I realise that during the past few years I have gradually got to know other companions, and made some lasting friendships amongst them. Also of course any meeting which gives us more information or understanding of any aspect of the Society's work helps us as Companions to feel we really belong to something, and helps us to make our prayers more alive.

When I look once more at the obligations of Companions and think of simplicity of life, I do not quite know where I stand. What is simplicity of life? Does the millionaire with only two houses and a Rolls feel he leads a simple life because he does not own a yacht and a swimming pool? Is simplicity of life just a not being extravagant with money? Or is it more? Perhaps above all it is an uncluttered life, a life with one basic aim. And of course our aim should be to seek first the Kingdom of God, and then the way we should use our money will become clear. I happen to enjoy making clothes, altering hand-ones and getting bargains from jumble sales. We both get a



kick out of making things do, and if our house is somewhat shabbier than our neighbours, it is because we think there are better things to do with time and money than continually redecorating. So the fact that we tend to enjoy living somewhat below our income must be a peculiarity of our outlook rather than a manifestation of holy poverty. For me the idea of simplicity of life is just sufficiently instilled in my conscience to make me feel slightly guilty if I buy a new coat when there is still some wear left in my old one, and more so if I indulge in the obvious extravagance of a new hat or expensive theatre tickets. And perhaps it is right to feel uncomfortable when we are confronted by advertisements for Oxfam and Shelter. We would be heartless indeed if we did not. There are of course times when I wish we had this or that and we decide it would be wrong for us to get it, and I know that our association with the Society influences our decisions about what we acquire and the money we give away.

On looking back I realise that my first associations with the Society form a series of apparently quite separate and unconnected events which started in the S.C.M. when as a student I attended my first quiet weekend, which happened to be led by Father Geoffrey. Two years later in Canada a friend introduced me to Father Denis, and on my return I was persuaded to go hop-picking for a week before starting a job in Cambridge. And then in Cambridge I finally settled at S. Benet's. So although I have not always been strongly aware of it, I can now see a thread of continuity in my connection with the Brown Brothers which has at times dwindled to a mere strand, but at others has become a strong rope and has always been a source of strength and inspiration.

HOUSEWIFE.

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### *Seeking Peace*

At the heart of his discourse was an entreaty to put away all enmities, to make peace and keep it. He was poorly clad. There was nothing imposing in his appearance ; nor was he comely of face. But God breathed such power into his words that he made peace between many nobles whose wild rage was wont to cause much shedding of blood,

Thomas of Spalato on S. Francis.

## Les Compagnons de Saint François

THE *Compagnons de Saint François* are a spiritual movement within the church inspired by S. Francis of Assisi, helping committed Christians to live out their faith in their various walks of life, in their profession, in their families, in their firms, trades unions and politics.

In practice this spiritual assistance takes various forms : the support of mutual prayer ; the meetings of various branches ; a voluntary promise to live according to the spirit of the movement. But the most important form is that of *pilgrimage*. This is sometimes done monthly in groups drawn from a town or region, but the essential thing is the *annual* pilgrimage lasting a week.

The *Compagnons de Saint François* have aimed at giving the idea of pilgrimage its authentic religious meaning. Pilgrimages have at all times, and in all religions, been a spontaneous expression of the human spirit. There were pilgrimages long before the Crusades. Documents describing pilgrimages to the Holy Places have come down to us from the fifth century. But a pilgrimage is only a religious act if it conforms to certain conditions : it must be done in a spirit of self-abnegation and of prayer—self-abnegation with regard to one's habits, one's comfort and one's way of thinking ; prayer with one's brethren, prayer in solitude, silence. Pilgrimage on foot is a custom which has been continued in the Franciscan tradition. The *Compagnons de Saint François* have revived this custom of going on foot, and wish to remain faithful to it. S. Francis of Assisi was a great pilgrim. He knew how to use the journey fruitfully for prayer and for making contact with the people of his times, both rich and poor.

Something of the development of the movement can be seen from its history. In 1926 Joseph Folliet took part with some other young people, mostly Germans, in a Peace Camp organised by Marc Sangnier on his estate at Bierville. He met some young people who were lovers of nature and liked walking and singing together. In 1927 the first Pilgrimage of the *Compagnons* was held at S. Odile in Alsace, inspired by many of the ideas discovered in 1926—walking and seeking peace. The next year the Pilgrimage took place on the borders of Germany and Luxemburg, and in 1929 it was at Folgoët in Brittany.

The first international pilgrimage took place at Luxemburg in 1931. Thereafter the movement was extended to Holland and Germany.

Then came the years when a new factor made contact with the Germans more difficult—the rise of Nazism. In 1938 there were two Anglicans on the pilgrimage.

During the war, the pilgrimages continued in France. International contacts were very rare, or took an unusual form—such as the visit of German soldiers in full uniform !

A German priest called Franz Stock, a Chaplain of the *Compagnons*, was appointed Chaplain to the prison at Fresnes, near Paris, where he carried out his duties with great regard for brotherly humanity. In June, 1963, his remains were brought to Chartres and laid to rest in a church for which part of the cost had been paid by former German prisoners, who became seminarists with him as their superior after the war.

Since the end of the war, contacts with other countries have included : In 1946, the first international pilgrimage to Lourdes, and at the same time the first pilgrimage of branches which had not been able to make the journey for a long time ; they went with their children as a single family and tried to live a family spirituality. In 1947, the first Peace Camp of Christ at Lourdes, organised for the most part by *Compagnons*. In 1953 the first pilgrimage in England, in 1954 in Sweden, in 1964 the first ecumenical pilgrimage in the Drôme (France) including several Anglicans, Protestants and Orthodox. In 1966, the second ecumenical pilgrimage at Chevetogne in Belgium, and in 1967 a grand ecumenical pilgrimage to Canterbury, with an important Anglican element in it.

What are the leading ideas, which have marked the movement since its foundation ?

During the period which preceded the Second World War, the *Compagnons de Saint François* tried to create wider links without distinction of nationality, class or race, inspired by a great spirit of adventure. They took an active part in the liturgical revival. The Pilgrimage Mass was a living liturgy, which was often a source of spiritual discovery for the clergy as much as for the pilgrims.

### *The Missionary Spirit*

After the Second World War, there was a great sense of dechristianisation of the country, and the spiritual aim of the movement was directed to two complementary objectives : the development of the



missionary spirit and the promotion of the idea of pilgrimage. Many *Compagnons* took part in continental missionary efforts of the church. The missionary spirit even led some to go out and work in the developing countries, in India and in Africa, whether as laymen or as priests or religious. More recently, inspired by the desire to give a new Christian and devotional meaning to some religious activities which had become conventional, *Compagnons* have paid special attention to the spiritual aspects of these festivals.

International contacts have been developed, opening up plentiful fresh horizons. Living together promotes understanding. It is a principle laid on all *Compagnons* to take part in a pilgrimage in their own country before going to an international pilgrimage. In these international pilgrimages, and in the international chapter which is held every year at Pentecost, each one realises that he belongs to a larger community and there is a confrontation of his ideas with those of others. He discovers the reality of the daily life which is common to all men, and learns to appreciate the particular virtues of other nations as part of his own vocation.

### *The Ecumenical Spirit*

Long before the Council, following the example of S. Francis, the *Compagnons* had been concerned to make contacts with Christians of other confessions. In the wake of the Council and its spirit, they have been led to examine themselves afresh concerning their links with their brothers, and, naturally enough, have done so by their normal method, by going on pilgrimage in order to meet them.

The plan for the first ecumenical pilgrimage of 1964 resulted in a team of Catholics and Protestants at Lyons (France). By the spiritual aim which it implies, pilgrimage is a specially valuable means of getting brother christians to meet one another.

In accordance with their diverse professional and social background, the *Compagnons de Saint François* undertake varied forms of personal responsibility, forms of Catholic action in parish life, local government, politics and business. But the movement hopes to be open to all irrespective of their various commitments. Such a broad position is essential to the spirit of the *Compagnons*. It expresses the reality of a deep brotherhood, in which the mutual freedom of the movement and its members is perfectly blended.

As Franciscans, the *Compagnons de Saint François* have a special concern for the poorest in the midst of modern civilisation, for those who suffer from bad housing conditions, from lack of professional qualifications, from ill health, for old people, immigrants and all the 'drop-outs' of the economy.

Pilgrimage in company with S. Francis helps them to realise and to live out the great Franciscan virtues—poverty, humility, peace and joy. In the modern world the spirit of poverty, which essentially consists in respect for property and a welcome to all, needs to be undertaken and demonstrated in daily life. Those who have been deeply influenced by the pilgrimage and by S. Francis have come to know the meaning of true friendship and have discovered a universal outlook and a spontaneous sense of sharing.

LYONS (FRANCE).

'ONE OF THE TEAM'.

### ***Books Received***

**Handbook to the Old Testament**, by *Claus Westerman*, S.P.C.K., 30s. ; **Making Moral Decisions**, edited by *D. M. MacKinnon*, S.P.C.K., 8s. ; **Common Prayer in the Church of England**, by *D. E. W. Harrison*, S.P.C.K., 10s. ; **The English Parish 600—1300**, by *John Godfrey*, S.P.C.K., 9s. ; **The French Revolution and the Church**, by *John McManners*, S.P.C.K., 14s. ; **A Century of Social Catholicism, 1820—1920**, by *A. R. Vidler*, S.P.C.K., 15s. ; **Prayer Book Epistles and Gospels** (Jerusalem Bible Version), Darton, Longman and Todd, 12s. 6d. ; **The Experience of Prayer**, by *Dom Sebastian Moore and Dom Kevin Maguire*, Darton, Longman and Todd, 16s. ; **The Canons of the Church of England**, S.P.C.K., 10s. (paper), 16s. (cloth) ; **Training for Confirmation**, The Report of a Diocesan Commission appointed by the Archbishop of York, S.P.C.K., 2s. ; **Providence : Theological Collections 12**, edited by *Maurice Wiles*, S.P.C.K., 16s. ; **The Faith of Dante Alighieri**, by *Geoffrey Nuttall*, S.P.C.K., 10s. ; **Understanding the Adolescent**, by *Michael Hare-Duke*, S.P.C.K., 15s.

## Saints out of Grooves

THE psychedelic shops portray a galaxy of talent in their posters—Michael Abdul Malik, Che Guevara, Pope Paul, Mick Jagger, and Chairman Mao. What these characters have in common is that they image whole societies, subcultures or even contracultures. They are foci of imagination and emotion. Around them communities cluster and perform collective rituals. The psychedelic poster represents a modern form of iconography. For fundamentally an icon is a picture which calls forth a response and which provides a focal point to which devotion is addressed. If one sees something of the frenzy of primitive religion in a freak-out, the language of *Peking Review* is the language of credal, structured worship. Chairman Mao, our great leader, great teacher, great supreme commander, and great helmsman, the red sun who lightens the hearts of the peoples of the east, who will live for ten thousand years, and so on. Can we see in this curious blending of the political and the mystical the creation of a new type of saint?

Certainly these figures represent more than mere heroes to be imitated. We have moved some stages from the 'dream boy' phenomenon which characterised pop of the Cliff Richard era, or the 'sex kitten' pin-up figures who appear from time to time. The characters now presented to us are more myth figures, who symbolise values and beliefs. They are not so much saints, for there is little stress on their moral goodness or holiness, as prophets in whom the strictly ethical element may vary considerably. In an age which has forgotten or tamed the prophets, we need to think what they are like.

The prophets of the Hebrew tradition strike us, if we are honest, as extremely unpleasant, and certainly eccentric. One has only to think of Elijah living among the ravens, Jeremiah breaking jars at the city gates, Ezekiel carrying his luggage on his shoulder and gazing through walls, Hosea marrying a prostitute, and Isaiah calling children by the ridiculous names of Sheerjashub and Mahershalalhashbaz! John Baptist living a beatnik existence in the desert was hardly the type to be welcomed at a Mothers' Union tea. It is not surprising then that from a very early period there were methods of taming the prophets, and there arose a particular breed of cultic prophets, who 'prophesied smooth things', establishment clerics trained and paid to make ritual noises at ceremonial functions. The breed is by no means extinct.

Societies which have successfully tamed prophets and relegated saints to stained-glass windows where they can do no harm will naturally be



shocked and puzzled when something like these phenomena arise again outside the confines of the ecclesiastical structure. This is what has been happening, and at various levels. Thus it is in large part from outside the Christian tradition that the most profoundly moral protests against nuclear weapons have come : it is Joan Baez rather than Billy Graham who speaks with the voice of prophecy to the nuclear age. Again, at a time when spirituality is at a low ebb in the church and we suffer from secularisation theology on all sides, it is eastern mystics like Meher Baba who draw the hippies in search of authentic mysticism.

Secularisation affects the political scene. No longer do political leaders in Britain seem to represent symbolic focal points except perhaps, on occasions, of a demonic type. It is the Beatles or the Stones who arouse the enthusiasm of young Britain, while the young who are driven by conscience into politics rarely choose the parties as their vehicle any more than the spiritually bewildered choose the organised church. 'Dropping out' has long since ceased to be a negative rejection of the establishment, and has become a 'dropping in', the search for new values and a new world. To the young people involved in this quest, the church appears simply as the ritual re-enactment of the old order, and stands condemned with that order, with all its false values and standards.

It was Jack Kerouac in the early days of the beatnik generation who told us that the word 'beat' derived from 'beatific'. The authentic beats are very much concerned with values : their rejection of the status quo, their vagrant lives, their dress, their drug use where this occurs, are all parts of a whole way of life. Even more is this true of the hippy scene in which the search for a new way of living is tied up with a revived interest in Hinduism and experiments in communal existence. It is out of the hippy scene that a new dimension in spirituality is emerging, and this calls more than anything for a revival of spiritual theology. Psychedelic gear in itself is as irrelevant as (and ironically all too similar to !) the externals of baroque catholicism. Underneath, the real living psychedelic world is bubbling with the yearning for the vision of God. If ever there was a clear cry for spiritual direction it is here, and it calls for both saints and prophets. The need is not for 'with it' clergy or any of the other feverish panicky kicks. It is for Christians who are holy and are filled with the Spirit. For we are in the midst of what is fundamentally a spiritual movement, and spiritual things are spiritually discerned, or discerned not at all.

SOHO.

KENNETH LEECH, *Companion*.

## Books

### Reliable Guides

#### **The Jerome Biblical Commentary.**

*Edited by R. E. Brown, J. A. Fitzmyer and R. E. Murphy.*

Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., \$25.00.

In. U.K., Geoffrey Chapman, 1968, 10 gns.

#### **A New Catholic Commentary on Holy Scripture.**

*Edited by R. C. Fuller, L. Johnston and C. Kearns.*

Thos. Nelson and Sons, 1969, 8 gns.

The last two decades have seen alternating phases of enthusiastic interest in the Bible and impatient despair at its seeming irrelevance. The way to deal with both is to provide the means of dispelling ignorance. Interest needs to be channelled into serious study. The relevance of the biblical message, and particularly the importance of the Old Testament for a proper understanding of the Gospel contained in the New, will be discovered if the Bible is read with a reliable guide. An enormous amount of biblical research has been done in recent years. Clergy, teachers of scripture and leaders of study groups often complain that the results of such work are not easily accessible. What they mean is that the available literature is so prodigious, and so much of it is of a highly technical nature, that they don't know where to begin. What they need is a compendious work to which they can refer with confidence. From this point of view a one-volume commentary is invaluable, and it is worth spending the money, inevitably rather a large sum, on a good one which is likely to last. Both these new commentaries can be recommended as fulfilling this need admirably.

*The Jerome Biblical Commentary* is an American production entirely by Roman Catholic scholars. It is, however, avowedly written as much for Protestants as for Catholics (if one may for convenience use this question-begging

terminology). It is thoroughly critical in approach. The writers acknowledge that Protestant scholarship has led the way for the last hundred years, and make full use of it. They want to show that the Catholics can do it too. Both Catholics and Protestants will be grateful for the excellent result of their labours. In fact many of the contributors are leading authorities on their subjects, including such well known names as R. A. F. MacKenzie, Roland Murphy and Robert North among the O.T. contributors, and Joseph Fitzmyer and Bruce Vawter among the N.T. contributors. There is a generous supply of general articles on special topics, many of them by the masterly hand of Raymond Brown. Two articles which are especially valuable are those of Brown on 'Hermeneutics' and of North on 'Biblical Archaeology'.

*The New Catholic Commentary* is a thorough revision of the Commentary which was first published in 1953. The emancipation of Catholic scholars has proceeded rapidly under the powerful influence of Vatican II, making the revision urgently necessary. It is in fact very largely rewritten, making just as full use of contemporary critical scholarship as the *Jerome*. Inevitably the fact that this is a revision shows through in some unevenness. But this does not alter the fact that on the whole this is a very good piece of work, and often compares favourably with the

other commentary. One may mention particularly the late Sebastian Bullough on the Psalms and Conleth Kearns on Sirach (Ecclesiasticus), both of which are far more informative than their *Jerome* counterparts. Moreover this commentary has a more straightforward and intelligible arrangement of the contents, making for easier reference. Being published a year later than its rival, the bibliographies are more up-to-date.

The almost simultaneous publication of these two fine commentaries, one from each side of the Atlantic, means that the Roman Church in the English-speaking world has at last turned the corner from obscurantist traditionalism to openness and realism. Catholic biblical scholars had long wanted to

speak freely, but were crippled by the far-reaching effects of the Modernist Controversy. Now the means have been provided to put a sane and balanced critical view of the Bible in everyone's hands. It is bound to have an effect on the way people understand the biblical foundations of their faith and the truth of Christian origins. On a long view this is sure to achieve much in the growth of a common mind among Christians, which more than anything else is the way that the unity of Christendom will be made possible. The editors of both commentaries are to be congratulated on producing works which will prove invaluable to Christian readers, both Catholic and Protestant alike.

BARNABAS S.S.F.

## Prayer Life

**Twentieth Century Spiritual Letters.** An introduction to contemporary prayer.

*By John B. Coburn.*

Westminster Press, \$3.95 (*Library of Congress* 20-0791)

In U.K., S.P.C.K., 170 pp., 30s.

**Prayer.** *By Abhishiktananda.* I.S.P.C.K., 76 pp., Rs. 2.50.

These two books approach the matter of prayer from quite different backgrounds. The 'spiritual letters' of the first have little to do directly with the practice of prayer. They give a picture of the spiritual and intellectual development of the author, Dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, Mass., in a way that could interest enquirers into the Christian life. The rest of the book sets out to present a 'spirituality for today' arising from this experience. 'Spiritual life can be understood and lived only as human life', so that 'the spiritual man is the political, economic and social man because he is a human being'. 'It is only through the things of this world—the day-to-day things, our secular

actions in a secular world—that it is possible to respond to God'. On the other hand, there is no repudiation of the interior life, 'the dumb region of the heart' where we live with our faiths and fears, our decisions and indecisions—and with Christ'.

*Prayer*, the work of a French Benedictine in India, presents its subject in terms of a realisation of the presence of God in which, in fact, we exist already. Entrance into prayer is a matter of awareness by the eye of faith. 'Man cannot place himself outside the mystery of God' but 'it is by becoming more and more aware of the divine Presence in the secret place of our hearts that we become more and



more aware of that same divine Presence surrounding us on all sides'. The author draws upon Hindu as well as Christian works of spirituality in this simple but profound guide to man's relationship with God. The book is

obtainable from S.P.C.K. Mail Order Dept., Great Peter Street, Westminster, S.W.1, at 3s., but at the time of going to press we understand that further supplies from India are awaited.

ALBAN S.S.F.

## Giving a Lead

**The Church and Social Order. Social Thought in the Church of England 1918—1939.**

*By John Oliver.* Mowbrays 42s.

In April, 1908, writing in *The Economic Review* on 'The Church and the Labour Party' William Temple had warned his readers 'that to stand aside from supporting the Labour Movement would be to incur the guilt of final and complete apostasy, of renunciation of Christ, and of blasphemy against his Holy Spirit'. Unusual words for the son of a Victorian Archbishop of Canterbury, and before he had become the People's Archbishop, Temple's writing had become politically non-committal, but no less passionately moral.

One of the themes of this book is to show how characteristic this was of the ecclesiastical leaders of social thought and reform, though, of course, there were always the group of politically committed Churchmen from the Christian Socialists of 1948 to the League of the Kingdom of God and the Catholic Crusade. Members of The Christendom Group who made a notable contribution to educating Christian opinion were notoriously shy of political party-alignment.

John Oliver, who has been a curate in the heart of rural Norfolk and is now teaching at Eton, developed his book from a thesis written at Cambridge. He has achieved a history most valuably documented, and so pleurably readable that it has held the attention of all in the refectory of the Mother House at breakfast ! He has traced the history of social thinking in the Church

of England from Bishop Westcott and Henry Scott Holland to Archbishop Lang's thanksgiving for what Mr. Chamberlain achieved at Munich and Father S. John Groser's searing comment 'this is beyond endurance'.

We are introduced to a fascinating picture gallery which includes not only the veteran Bishop Gore 'the only survivor of the early days of the Christian Social Union, founded in 1889, whose interest in social affairs and comment on them continued unabated throughout the Twenties'; but also the great solitaires, Bishop Hensley Henson supporting the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Bill of 1927, Lord Hugh Cecil, who was to become Provost of Eton, leading the opposition in the Church Assembly to the raising of the school-leaving age, and Bishop Headlam in a minority of one opposing in the Upper House of Convocation Bishop Bell's resolution expressing the Bishops' sympathy with their fellow Christians in Germany, and rejoicing in their steadfastness in January, 1938.

The author regrets the lack of specific knowledge in so many of those most eager to speak on social matters, but excludes from among these William Temple and, more surprisingly, Cyril Garbett, who was violently criticised by Dean Inge for moving a resolution in the Lower House of Canterbury in May, 1918, 'expressing the conviction of the House that the demands of

labour for a national minimum wage, for state provision against unemployment, and for the recognition of the status of the workers in the industries in which they are engaged, are in accordance with the principles of Christianity'.

The divisions of opinion among Christian apologists as well as their ignorance are claimed to have hindered the achieving of much that was eloquently discussed at Conferences and Summer Schools as well as in Convocation and the Church Assembly. We are shown the changing, and indeed conflicting, views within successive Lambeth Conferences on Birth Control, Race Relations and Foreign Affairs.

Through one deplorable government to the next, from the General Strike to Munich there was much vigorous Christian discussion and action. It is sad that the great C.O.P.E.C. Conference in Birmingham in 1924, together with the annual Summer Schools of the Christendom Group did not achieve more in public action, but John Oliver sees a new hope in the Oxford Conference of 1937 'with the realisation of the oecumenical, as opposed to

merely international, character of the Church, and the speaking with sober realism and considerable spiritual wisdom to a bewildered world'.

In his foreword, Canon A. R. Vidler writes of 'the lesson he has learned that Christian social action means lay people *doing* things, and not clerics and ecclesiastical assemblies *saying* things, and passing resolutions about what other people might do'. But now, when Bishops are more silent while David Frost and Malcolm Muggeridge never stop talking, we may look back with gratitude to R. H. Tawney, Lord Robert Cecil, Alfred Mond, Maurice Reckitt, J. H. Oldham, and supremely Maynard Keynes. Keynes was the lonely prophet of the wicked follies of the Treaty of Versailles, and the heroic opponent of post-war economic gloom. His two close friends, Bertrand Russell and Leonard Woolf, were agreed that his was the best and clearest mind they have known. Perhaps the most poignant piece of irony in this important and enthralling book are the words which end the footnote on J. M. Keynes on p. 24—*He was not a Christian*.

DENIS S.S.F.

## Anglo-Catholic Attitudes

**Catholic Anglicans Today.** *Edited by John Wilkinson.*

Darton, Longman and Todd, 25s.

Fortunately this collection of papers is not a handbook for the League of Anglican Loyalists. Its scope and scholarship, shown by the four section headings—'The Christian Gospel', 'The Catholic Church', 'Catholic Worship' and 'In a changing World'—is much wider. However, unlike its eminent predecessor, *Lux Mundi*, it is not likely to cause much ferment; it is significant that there are no essays on Ethics or Politics.

It is a dull book to read and wordy in the extreme. The first two sectors are heavy-weight theology, suitable for the lecture room. Father Wilkinson's 'Authority of the Church' and Father Hawkins' 'Ministry in the Church' show sound scholarship at its best. The latter surveys the sacred ministry from our Lord's day until now but there is no mention of the new forms of ministry which are becoming evident today nor of the ordination of women. Like all

the first five essays, this one is retrospective rather than prospective.

Father Theodore Simpson in his contribution reminds us that the Sacraments give us knowledge of God 'by acquaintance', through direct personal contact, not knowledge 'by description', formal and abstract knowledge of His properties. I liked very much his new insights into the seven Sacraments and wish he had been given more space—perhaps at the expense of the following writer who takes up too much room to discuss prayers for the dead and the phrase 'we offer unto Thee this bread and this cup'.

Father Christopher Bryant, surely one of the wisest of men, gives us the best paper. A gift to all retreat conductors, it deals with the three elements in a Christian spirituality—prayer and worship (in community, alone and in one's relationships), repentance and law and discipline.

Father Gunstone tackles the question most of us are asking when we approach

this book. Why has the Anglo-Catholic movement waned? Amongst other reasons, he lists modern comprehensive churchmanship on new housing areas, a revulsion today against authoritarianism, ecumenism, irrelevant ceremonial, and modern biblical, theological and historical criticism. For Catholics, he suggests the way ahead is to shift our focus to the ministry not of the clergy but of the laity, to rid ourselves of the geographical notion of a parish, to build bridges between conservatives and radicals and to explore new forms of religious communities, such as those at Scargill and Lee Abbey.

The symposium ends with a useful survey, past, present and future, of the Anglo-Catholic contribution to the ecumenical movement by Father Gibbard and finally an essay in which Father Hickling takes too many pages to say some timely home truths on our attitudes to non-Christians.

MALCOLM JOHNSON,  
QUEEN MARY COLLEGE, E.1. *Tertiary*.

## Divine Service

**The Daily Office.** Edited by R. C. D. Jasper. S.P.C.K., 12s. 6d.

**The Calendar and Lessons for the Church's Year** (The Church of England Liturgical Commission). S.P.C.K., 10s. 6d.

*The Daily Office* is a realistic attempt to do something about the clergy office for weekdays. There is much to be commended. The psalmody is shortened so that the Psalter is said four times a year. Three lessons are appointed to be read each day, one each from the Old Testament, Epistles and Gospels. The lessons seem about the right length too, about half the number of verses in our present lectionary. The whole of the New Testament is read once each year, while the Old Testament is divided between two years, with certain key passages repeated each year.

Each weekday has its own proper Canticles. In addition to the well known ones from the Prayer Book, we have such traditional hymns as *Benedictus es, Salvator Mundi* and Keble's translation of *Phos Hilaron*. Provision is made for Intercessions in the morning and Thanksgivings in the evening. These are arranged in a weekly scheme. A new series of collects is adopted following the Group's earlier proposals for the reform of the Christian Year.

Although ostensibly designed for the use of Free Church ministers, the



Daily Office ought to receive permission for use by our own clergy and small groups of lay people. It seems to answer so many of the shortcomings which our present generation finds in statutory Mattins and Evensong.

The question is going to be raised 'Can this office be used for the reform of the office of Religious Communities?' At first sight there is much that appeals, but in the opinion of the reviewer it falls short of what is required. So long as *Opus Dei* remains the first priority in the life of religious, it is obvious that the psalmody is too brief and scanty. For a coherent and sensible lectionary, it is necessary to build upon the three foundations of Advent IV to Epiphany, Palm Sunday to Low Sunday and Ascension Day to Corpus Christi. A little reflection will recall that it is precisely at these major moments in the liturgical year that the corporate common liturgical life of the religious differs most from his fellow christians in ordinary life. Most of our present lectionary difficulties spring from duplications at these seasons. On the other hand there is much material in the Group's lectionary which could well be adapted to the needs of the religious. There would be too radical a break with many of our liturgical customs if the office were adopted for use in choir. It is not sufficiently appreciated, at present, that a lasting reform only comes from a deep reverence and respect for tradition.

In the *Calendar and Lessons for the Church's Year*, the Liturgical Commission presents its latest proposals for reform of the Liturgy. These are

based upon earlier proposals published by the Joint Liturgical Group, and now adapted to the present needs of the Church of England. The main framework of the Liturgical Year is maintained but the lessons are spread over two years and grouped around the focal points of Christmas, (nine Sundays before and eight after) Easter (nine Sundays before and six after) and Pentecost (twenty-three Sundays after). As the patterns of worship in society are now changing the Commission has had the needs of those who worship once on a Sunday clearly to the forefront. To this end a number of the commemorations of the mysteries of Christ which used to fall on a weekday are now provided for on a Sunday.

The Old Red Letter Days now become Greater Holy Days and follow the provisions of 1928, though one or two of the feasts are re-named. There are no post-Reformation Saints, but an additional list of worthies is included for the guidance of diocesan liturgical committees. A number of saints' days have been moved to conform with changes in the Roman and Orthodox Calendars.

From a study of the proposals, it is much to be hoped that the Church Assembly will give the necessary approval for experimental use. Once again the religious orders will be faced with the difficult problem of deciding how far to adopt the proposals. The Commission has provided for the average Sunday worshipper, and not the needs of the common life in community.

HAROLD S.S.F.



*Praised be my Lord by our sister death, from whom no man escapes . . . . Blessed are those who are found walking by thy most holy will . . . .*

The plaque which can be seen in Saint Clare's garden at San Damiano commemorates the composition there of the Cantic of the Sun.





